

LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

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Twenty-Second Year— April 24, 1915

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- Our Own and Indivisible Country
- Saved! At Least, Temporarily
- Mystery of Ambrose Bierce
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- Browsings: "Hop." Smith's "Gentle Art of Dining"
- Life's Little Tragedies II. The Good Samaritan

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: Editor



"ONE AND INDIVISIBLE"

WITH the sentiments expressed by President Wilson in his clarifying speech before the Associated Press members in New York last Tuesday one hundred millions of American citizens are in hearty accord. Clarifying, because its enunciation by the nation's executive head should serve to dispel the misconceptions held in certain foreign countries in regard to the coherence of American citizenship. It has been said, for example, that in the event of war with Germany—which, heaven forfend!—that upward of fifteen millions of hyphenated Americans would desert their adopted country to support the cause of their native land. How egregiously mistaken is this viewpoint. The average American citizen needs not to be told, but the foreigners holding to the contrary might as well learn from the lips of the President of their erroneous conclusions. With a just cause to support there would be such a sloughing off of the indicative prefix that at the close of the struggle the hyphenated American would be an anomaly.

Crises met in the past, as Mr. Wilson points out, have attested the solidity and loyalty of the great body of Americans, regardless of the conglomerate nature of their citizenship. King George III of England and his counsellors learned their lesson early in the nation's history and it was emphasized again in the parlous times of the Civil War, when the unity of the country was threatened. In those trying days many a German-born volunteer soldier fought as bravely for the land of his adoption as did the native-born and his children and grandchildren are now reaping the reward of his loyalty. Those later immigrants who have renounced allegiance to the kaiser are no whit less loyal, as would be readily demonstrated did the occasion offer. And this reflection applies quite as forcibly to other citizens by adoption whether their origin was in England, France, Italy, Spain, Norway, Sweden, or elsewhere on the surface of the globe. It is because of this wonderful compounding that we are the natural mediating nation of the world. Says Mr. Wilson, "We mediate their blood, we mediate their traditions, we mediate their sentiments, their tastes, their passions; we are ourselves compounded of these things."

This is why we are better able to understand all nations. We view them not as partisans, but as knowing and comprehending and embodying them all is the President's argument in his contention that Americans are essentially a mediating people. We have no racial momentum to hamper our judgment or to sway our opinions

unduly. That is why America's conclusions, in the mass, are likely to be received with respect by the whole world; they will be formed by men and women who see clearly and without bias the rights and wrongs of the contending nations. Logically and forcibly the distinguished speaker shows why, in process of time, the nations of the world will turn to America for the cooler assessment of the elements engaged; not for us to sit in judgment, but to assist in reconstructing the elements of peace. Elucidating the term neutrality, Mr. Wilson says its basis is not indifference, not self-interest, but sympathy for mankind; it is fairness, it is goodwill at bottom, impartiality of spirit and of judgment. We are glad to have this vexed attribute so well defined. Again has the President demonstrated the unswerving logic of the position he has marked out for the country from the outset of the war. His mind to us a kingdom is, to paraphrase good old Edward Dyer, so many joys therein we find.

SAVED! AT LEAST, TEMPORARILY

UCH peril as the country has been in for the last ten days and particularly the Pacific coast! How we have all trembled under the coverlets o' nights in expectancy of the shells from the dreaded Japanese guns bursting among us! Only five hundred and fifty miles away, in Turtle Bay, an overpowering force of fully four thousand marines, the dread army of invasion! B-r-r-r! The facts cannot be concealed! On the affidavit of a staff photographer or stereoptyper—we forget which—dispatched by the alert Times, the plot to establish a naval base in Lower California by the Japanese, whence they could sally forth to harry the Pacific coast, has been exposed and the designs of the crafty enemy frustrated!

Among the uninitiated it was actually believed that the grounding of the Asama in Turtle Bay was the occasion for the assembling there of the four Japanese cruisers, concentrated to afford relief to their sister ship. But to expert observers of current events the real object was instantly apparent. Far from gathering to protect the grounded Asama from possible attack, the target of German shells, the Japanese squadron occupied Turtle Bay with a view to menacing the United States "in connection with the present situation in China!" It is as plain as a pikestaff! or a marlinspike. There, there, they lay, day after day, down in Turtle Bay, eager for their prey! An invidious decision at Washington and, shiver our toplights! it would have been all over for the Pacific coast! San Diego exposition in ruins! La Jolla exterminated! Stratford Inn at Del Mar reduced to kindling wood! Oceanside devastated! San Juan-by-the-Sea a scene of desolation! Laguna blown into smithereens! Newport Landing and Balboa replicas of Louvain! Long Beach wiped off the map! San Pedro annihilated! Redondo Beach expunged! Ocean Park dismantled! Santa Monica eradicated! Santa Barbara demolished! and so on clear to Carmel where the authors' colony on its knees and tearing its hair is ruthlessly scuttled. Ugh! What a direful prospect!

But yielding to a quiet hint expressed by Admiral Howard, acting under orders from Washington, lo! in a trice, the menace is removed! The Japanese cruisers and the colliers and the four thousand marines have steamed out of Turtle Bay and the Pacific coast once more breathes normally and resumes the even tenor of its way.

It was a narrow escape but the Lord of battles was on our side. That no panic ensued is due solely to the splendid courage of reserve moral force noted by the President in his Associated Press speech referring to the Lower California menace. After assuring us that "there is no news" he adds: "There is what is called news from Turtle Bay that turns out to be falsehood; at any rate in what it is said to signify and which if you could get the nation to believe it true, might disturb our equilibrium and our self-possession. We ought not to deal in stuff of that kind. We ought not to permit things of that sort to use up the electrical energy of the wires because its energy is malign; its energy is not of the truth; its energy is of mischief. It is possible to sift truth."

MYSTERY OF AMBROSE BIERCE

CALIFORNIA ought to be deeply interested in learning the fate of Ambrose Bierce, if for no other reason than that for more than a quarter of a century he cut a wide swath in state journalism. But he was more than a newspaper writer, he was, in his sojourn here, easily the foremost literary man on the coast, ranking with Mark Twain and Bret Harte for originality and brilliance and in creative imagination often surpassing either. Had his stories been of less morbid a type they would have won undying applause, for the charm of his style is undeniable. As it is one reads "Soldiers and Civilians" and "Black Beetles in Amber" often with a shudder; his subjects fascinate, while they repel; they lure by their brute force; pathos and tenderness are wholly lacking, but in literary art they excel.

Bierce left San Francisco for the east in 1893. We in Southern California—the newer comers—know little of his personality and his writings are caviar to the masses. But in the northern metropolis his name is still one to conjure with and the traditions of his advent there are by no means dissipated. He was too powerful an entity to be forgotten in two decades of absence. One of his former associates, Charles Edwin Markham, estimated his composite mind as a blending of Hafiz the Persian, Swift, Poe, Thoreau, with at times, a gleam of the Galilean. Gertrude Atherton, another member of the brilliant galaxy of California writers of the '80's, is on record as saying of Ambrose Bierce that "he has the best brutal imagination of any man in the English-speaking race; his sonnets are exquisitely dainty and tender; his fables are the wittiest that have been written in America. Poe never wrote anything more weirdly awful than 'Chickamauga,' 'My Favorite Murder' and 'The Watcher by the Dead.' The reserve and cynical brutality of these stories produce an impression never attained by the most riotous imagination."

These mirrored glimpses reveal, in a measure, the literary qualities, at least, of the man who eighteen months ago suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts at the national capital, giving out that he was off for Mexico to study Villa, whom he greatly admired, at close range. That he gained permission to accompany a part of Villa's nondescript army is certain. His former secretary, Miss Karen Christiansen of Washington, D. C., received a letter from him dated December, 1913, in which the writer mentioned prospective movements of Villa's troops. That was his last word to his friends, notes Mr. Charles Starrett of the Chicago Daily News staff

in a letter to Mr. Michael Monahan, of South Norwalk, Connecticut, the well-known author and editor. Both gentlemen have been assiduous in their efforts to get further information of Bierce, but unsuccessfully. Government Agent Carothers has been unable to trace the major, who was brevetted for distinguished services in the Civil War. As he was in his seventy-second year, it is feared that the severities of the campaign or, possibly, foul play, proved too much for him. The report of his presence among the British in France is denounced as a "wild yarn" without a scintilla of evidence. Bierce was in no sense a sentimentalist. The mystery of his disappearance is in thorough harmony with his work. It is as if he had acted a scene from one of his short stories.

CONGRESS AND DR. COOK

IMMEDIATELY prior to adjournment of the last congress one of the closing speeches was made by Representative S. O. Fess, of Ohio, at home president of a college and an educator of approved worth. He is an author of several notable works on physiology and history and is an interesting debater. This much by way of attesting his ability to discuss the north pole contentions, which formed the subject of his address, commenting on the appearance before the education committee, of which he is a member, of a representative of Dr. Cook, the north pole fakir, now engaged in a self-advertising propaganda by which he has profited, through vaudeville and lecture engagements to the tune of about fifty thousand dollars. It was to controvert several misleading statements in reference to the wily doctor, that had appeared in the Congressional Record, which induced Mr. Fess to point out to the unwary a few salient facts that may have been overlooked and are purposely avoided by the vaudeville explorer.

Mr. Fess prefaced by declaring that he does not speak from the viewpoint of personal friendship for the discoverer of the north pole, since it has never been his privilege to meet Admiral Peary, but in order to prevent further misrepresentations which are likely to lead those not expert in Arctic matters and not familiar with the facts into erroneous conclusions. It has been artfully sought by Dr. Cook's press agency so to link his name with the admiral's as to create the impression that there was a possible question in regard to Peary's attainment of the pole. Of course, there is no such doubt. The congressional committee that investigated the Peary claims, after reporting that he reached the north pole April 6, 1909, declared that Captain Peary personally submitted all his papers, original data, and daily journal kept by him during the journey, together with his notes of astronomical observations and soundings. It also heard the report of the National Geographic Society of Washington; the report of the president and one of the board of governors of the Royal Geographical Society of London, which had made an independent examination of the data and proofs; also reports from expert computers of astronomical observations, from the coast and geodetic survey of the United States.

These hearings established the fact that Peary reached the pole at the date named in pursuance of a well-defined and carefully laid plan, the result of his twenty years of arctic experience. He had previously reached the farthest point north in 1906, which journey taught him the chief requisites for the successful attainment of his goal. Contrast the rigid investigation sought by Captain Peary with the methods adopted by Cook. His press agency has repeatedly stated that congress was much interested in his claims and was giving them consideration. Mr. Fess declares that the several resolutions automatically reaching the various committees were never seriously entertained and in every instance was declined pub-

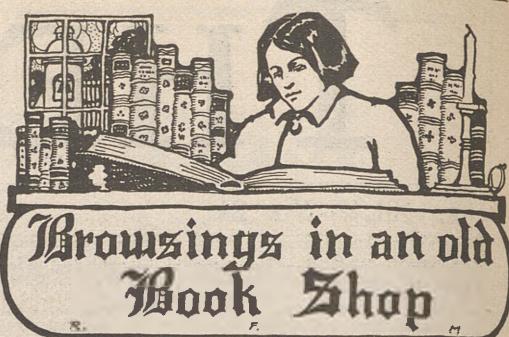
lication. But Dr. Cook's case must rest with the tribunal which he himself selected—the University of Copenhagen—whose verdict, rendered December 21, 1909, is final and conclusive. The "data" he submitted was a narrative of the expedition prepared by the alleged discoverer's secretary and what purported to be a typewritten copy of part of Dr. Cook's original notebook; no original astronomical observations whatsoever, but only alleged results. The committee of scientists selected by the Copenhagen University reported that "the documents are inexcusably lacking in information which would prove that the astronomical observations therein referred to were really made; and also contain no details regarding the practical work of the expedition and the sledge journey which would enable the committee to determine their reliability."

That the university, which at first had honored Dr. Cook as a real arctic hero, had been hoaxed by Cook's "shameless actions" was the verdict. Captain Rasmussen, a noted arctic explorer who had favored Cook's claims, admitted, after examining his alleged proofs, that the attempt to deceive the university was "most impudent" and that it was the "most childish sort of effort to cheat." These expressions emanated from the man whom Cook had declared to be better qualified than any other explorer to pass upon the question then at issue. If Cook had been in earnest he would have appeared in person before the foreign court of inquiry, selected by him, to answer questions and lay bare every detail of his alleged discovery. Evasion and chicanery have marked every phase of his attempt to fool the public into accepting his claims. Long ago, he left off trying to deceive scientists. Roald Amundsen, General Greely, Captain Baldwin, each of whom gave early credence to his story, have all repudiated his claims and branded him as a fakir. The public may rest assured that if they have concluded, to quote Amundsen, that his "old comrade was lying," it is futilely absurd to hold to the contrary, at this late day.

LOOTING, A CONCOMITANT OF WAR

FTER all, the official French account of German atrocities is an indictment, not of Germany, but of War. When we remember the acts of Sherman's "Bummers," of Early's cavalry at Chambersburg, of Quantrell's gang and its Union equivalents in Missouri and Kansas, European and American soldiers in China during the Boxer troubles, we have no reason to be surprised at tales of looting. Even granting that the report gives only a part, the crimes against women are surprisingly few. There is probably not a man living who could not pick from among his acquaintances at least one person who would be prone to commit such a crime under the apparent certainty of escape from punishment afforded by the circumstances of an invading army, and the incitement of an unlimited supply of heady wines. Besides, each offense does not mean a different individual or group, but several crimes were undoubtedly committed by the same man or set of men. The deliberate destruction of buildings and killing of men and women, when any excited individual reported a shot fired at the troops is acknowledged, almost boasted of, by the Germans. It is a part of their idea of military efficiency, though to a disinterested observer it seems more a return to the customs of the Assyrians and Huns. If you doubt that the world is better than it used to be, reflect on what occurred in the Middle Ages, when an army of one thousand (instead of one million) men invaded a country!

Moved and seconded that a vote of thanks be extended to Emerson Hough and the Saturday Evening Post for the excellent article, "Made in America," describing the beauties and attractions of the California national parks.



Browsings in an old Book Shop

ONE of the most delightful of the late F. Hopkinson Smith's brochures was a breezy little disquisition on "The Gentle Art of Dining," issued in 1906, with the compliments of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, for private distribution at the American Booksellers' Association annual gathering. The booklets are hard to get, even the publishers retaining none, so that I was gratified in coming across a copy at the Old Book Shop this week. How it ever found its way to the ten-cent shelf is idle speculation. It is easily worth five dollars, but that experience is one of the rare joys of the collector. No, five dollars would not buy my ten-cent purchase! It is a sketchy little thing, not really an essay on how to dine, but several good stories, told by good fellows, on the real joys of satiating an appetite. It is not a caressing affair like Dr. Weir Mitchell's delicious "A Little Madeira Party," in which the bouquets of rare wines are fondly discussed by devotee experts with the lingering delight of lovers; rather is it a reflection of the author's unaffected, democratic tastes for honest cooking, a good, old-fashioned healthy appetite, and an environment that feeds the imagination what time the physical wants are being supplied.

From the interior of the booklet a pregnant citation is taken and set out in italics at the front on a page by itself. It contains all the philosophy of the "gentle art" extolled by the author. One of his "diners" says, "Fine eating is an excuse for good fellowship; when you don't have that, it is a 'stalled ox' and the rest of it. What you want is to open with a laugh and eat straight through to that same kind of music. All the good dinners in the world were jolly dinners; all the poor ones were funeral gatherings, no matter how good the cooking." Many of us can indorse that sentiment without a quaver; the dreariest function in the world is a formal banquet, with a long list of toasts to follow. Good may be the cooking and expensive the menu, but the imagination lags and without that the appetite palls.

"Hop" Smith—as all his intimates called the ever-young author, raconteur, painter and engineer—loved to poke fun at the conventional; he despised conventions of all sorts, although he was never guilty of impoliteness. For the fashionable terrapin and canvas-back of society dinners he had fine scorn. He pictures a terrapin as "a hidebound little beast that sleeps in the mud, is as ugly as the devil and can bite a ten-penny nail in two with his teeth when he's awake. When he is boiled and picked clean, and served with Madeira, he is the most toothsome compound known to cookery."

"'Compound' is good," said Lonnegan—one of the Bohemian diners. "The up-to-date-modern-millionaire-terrapin is a reptile compounded of glue, chicken-bones, chopped calf's head, and old India-rubber shoes. When ready for use it tastes like flour paste served in hot flannel. I may be wrong about the chopped calf's head, but I'm all right about the India-rubber shoes. I've been eating them this week, and part of a heel is still here, and he tapped his shirt-front. As to the canvas-back instead of living in the marshes and feeding on wild celery it is declared that the kind lives in a cold storage six months in the year and feeds on sawdust and ice." The taste for terrapin and canvas-back is explained as "part of the degeneration of the age, as it is for truffles, mushrooms, caviare and a lot of such messes. The French whose cuisine we imitate, turn out a lot of flat-chested spindle-shanks on their sauces and ragouts. We'll go to the devil in the same way if we follow their cooks. The English raise the highest standard of man on tough bread and the most insipid boiled mutton in the world."

Here is "Hop" Smith's idea of what a good dinner ought to be: "None of your selfish, solitary-confinement sort of a meal, but a rip-roaring, waistcoat-swelling, breath-catching, hilarious feast, which began with a hurrah, continued with every man singing psalms of thanksgiving over

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3.)

Life's Little Tragedies---II

The Good Samaritan---By S. T. C.

PAUL TEMPLETON. Thirty-five, married; father of two children. Tall, athletic, clean shaven. Lawyer by profession, but more of a promoter than a practicing attorney. Is well-to-do, aesthetic in his tastes, which are naturally of a high-minded nature.

MARY TRENTON. Thirty-three. Has a past. Weak, but not vicious. Is tubercular and knows that her years are not many. Illness has interfered with her work on a daily paper and left her short of cash and discouraged. She and Templeton were schoolmates together back in the New Hampshire village where they were born. She has sent a note to Paul asking him to call at her apartment.

(Small flat on sixth floor of a building not bearing too good a reputation. Open grate fireplace in Mary's sitting room near which Mary sits in a faded Morris chair, a wrap about her shoulders. A plaster cast of the winged victory stands on mantel. The room is scantily furnished. The month is October and the hour 8 o'clock in the evening. A tap is heard on the door and Mary in a husky voice calls, "Come!")

PAUL TEMPLETON

(Doubtfully): Excuse me, I'm looking for Mrs. Trenton and was directed to this number.

MARY

(Suppressing a cough): Ah! you don't recognize your old schoolmate, Mary Trenton?

PAUL

(Startled): No-o! I confess I never should have known you.

MARY

(Bitterly): Time has not dealt so kindly with me as it has with you, Paul!

PAUL

(Sympathetically): Things have not gone well with you?

MARY

You heard of my marriage?

PAUL

Yes!

MARY

And that my husband deserted me within a year?

PAUL

Yes; my sister wrote to me about it.

MARY

On top of that came this tubercular trouble, which brought me to California. I supported myself by doing newspaper work—"sob-sister" stuff on the Bulletin—but for two months I have had to fight hemorrhages.

PAUL

(Reproachfully): Why didn't you let me know of your condition sooner?

MARY

Pride, I guess. I hated to acknowledge defeat and, besides, you knew—

PAUL

(Holding up his head): Never mind that, Mary. Let the past alone. You were not to blame.

MARY

Yes, I was, in a way. But the man went to Europe and—and I went to work. (Pitifully): I was so lonesome and discouraged when he met me and showed me kindness.

PAUL

I know, I know! What are your plans?

MARY

My doctor advises Arizona—Phoenix. But I am helpless.

PAUL

(Smiling gently): Will your pride allow you to accept help from an early playfellow?

MARY

If you will call it a loan and allow me to repay you when I can.

PAUL

(Humoring her): Certainly, if you wish it. (Starts to take out his checkbook.) No, on second thought I had better bring you the currency. Will two hundred dollars tide you over until you get stronger?

MARY

(Gratefully): O, yes; with that I can get to Phoenix and stay for three months. I shall probably go to Southern California when I am better; the work in that milder climate will be less trying, the doctor thinks. It was good of you to be so prompt.

PAUL

My wife is visiting her folks in Santa Barbara,

with the children. I am keeping bachelor's hall just now, so my evenings are free.

MARY

And you are happy?

PAUL

O, yes. My wife is most companionable and we get along famously together. The children have inherited her good traits.

MARY

(Smiling wanly): Of course, and none of their father's vicious habits, eh?

PAUL

(Returning her smile): That's it! (He is about to explain that he will call next day with the money when a terrific explosion is heard in the lower part of the building, followed by an alarm of fire. There is trampling of many feet in the hallways, doors bang, excited voices shout hurried questions; women shriek and a strong odor of smoke permeates the room.

MARY

My God! What has happened?

PAUL

Sit still and I will find out? I'll be back in two minutes.

MARY

Going to window. Look! look! The lower floors are belching flames! We are trapped!

PAUL

(Sternly): Keep your head! Wait here till I return. (He darts down the hall, leaving Mary aghast at the window, fascinated by the sights and sounds below).

MARY

What ails the fire department! Heavens! To be caught this way! I won't stay here to be burnt to death! (She snatches up a few cheap articles of jewelry and stuffs them into a leather handbag. Rushing to the door she throws it open and a volume of black smoke rolls in, which envelopes her. Frightened, she retreats, and slams the door. A paroxysm of coughing seizes her, induced by the smoke she has swallowed, and a hemorrhage sets in, which she vainly tries to stem. While in this condition Paul hastily re-enters the room, smoke begrimed, and his face betraying his strong emotions.)

PAUL

Mary! Mary! What's the trouble?

MARY

(Vainly struggling to speak and pointing dumbly to the crimson stain. Finally): Salt! (She indicates a tubular box that rests on the mantel, labeled common salt.) He seizes it and pouring out a handful dashes it into her mouth. Presently, the flow ceases and Mary, exhausted, and of a ghastly color reclines, half dead, in the Morris chair.)

PAUL

Good God! What a double tragedy!

MARY

(In a whisper): What—did—you—learn?

PAUL

Everything below the fourth story is burning! There was an explosion of gas and the flames spread like lightning. Our only hope is in the fire department!

(The smoke gets thicker in the room. Paul grabs the mattress off the bed in the tiny inner chamber and piles it up before the door as a barricade. He throws open the window. A cheer arises from the street. The fire brigade has arrived and the hook-and-ladder men are at work. The floors are hot and the air is almost stifling.)

PAUL

(Looking out the window): They are raising the ladder! No! The flames interfere! They can't get close enough! We are lost! (He pauses irresolutely. "What will Helen think, if my body is found in this hole of a building?" he reflects. "She must not know! It would shock her terribly. Besides, it would not be fair to either of us.") He proceeds to strip his pockets of all papers tearing them into bits and throwing them in the grate fire. In like fashion he treats his pocket book and personal cards, destroys the dealer's name on his hat, tears off the tailor's label from his coat, bites the initials off his handkerchief and detaching his collar, rips off the inner band bearing the laundry marks. Mary watches him with eyes of terror. She is too weak and too frightened either to speak or stir. Having removed all means of identification Paul grimly awaits death or rescue. Gradually, he becomes aware of a less pungent smell of smoke

and a renewed cheer from below precedes his glance showing that the flames have abated and the fire ladder is being run up.)

PAUL

(Wiping off the perspiration from his face, but leaving it streaked with soot and unrecognizable): We're saved! The fire is under control! Listen! Do not divulge my name. Send me a note tomorrow!

MARY

(Nodding her head feebly): I understand! (She totters to the window just as a fireman thrusts in his head).

FIREMAN

How many?

PAUL

Two! Take the woman. I'll follow. (He helps to place Mary across the fireman's shoulder and as the latter recedes with his burden Paul descends the ladder. As he nears the ground the reporters gather close to get his name. Streaked with soot and dirt his own wife could not have identified him. Feigning a choking fit he eludes their inquiries, darts into the crowd and is swallowed up.)

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

(Continued from Page 2.)

the dishes and the company, and ended with a tempest of good cheer and everybody loving everybody else twice as much for having come together." The appetizing brochure closes with a description of a dinner served by Uncle Jesse Conklin on Cap Tree Island to a dozen good fellows—artists, writers, sculptors, architects, engineers—who were gloriously hungry and genially happy in one another's company. The table that was disclosed to the ravenous ones when the gong sounded, was "one long perspective of bliss—porterhouse steak and broiled blue-fish—porterhouse steak and broiled blue-fish down to the end of the table; and alongside each plate a quart of extra dry, frappé to half a degree, and a pint of Burgundy the temperature of your sweetheart's hand! All about were heaps of home-made bread and flakes of butter, and—O, that table!"

No wonder the guests let out a roaring cheer that nearly lifted the roof. Just reading the description of what they saw induces a copious flow of saliva. "Whenever a man could get his breath he broke out in song, everybody joining in. 'O, dem golden fritters' was chanted to an accompaniment of clattering forks on empty plates, the cook and staff craning their heads through the door and helping out with a double shuffle of their own. Coffee was served in the bar-room, and all filed out to drink it, every man full to his eyelids and saturated with a contentment that only Long Island blue-fish and Fulton Market steak, with the necessary liquids and salads, could produce."

But the best part of the feast followed. While their host was taking his post-prandial nap, the delighted diners whipped out charcoal, color-tubes and brushes, red chalk—whatever came handy—and started in to work about the room where the old man lay sleeping. On the white-washed walls they worked away like mad, making portraits of him, sketches of the landing and fish-houses thereabouts, outlines of the bar and background—no one breathing aloud or even whispering, so afraid they would waken him—until every square foot of the walls was covered with sketches. Then their host was gently aroused and how he did rub his eyes with pleasure! He gave one bound, made a tour of the room studying each sketch, dodged under his bar and began to set up things, and would have continued doing so all night had his guests permitted.

Just one more dinner picture! The table is laid on a balcony overlooking St. Cloud—"all Paris swimming in a golden haze. There were violets—and a pair of long gray gloves on the white cloth—and a wide-brimmed hat crowned with roses, shaded a pair of brown eyes. O, such eyes! 'A pint of Chablis,' I said to the waiter; 'sole a la Marguerey, some broiled mushrooms and a fruit salad—and please take the candles away; we prefer the twilight.' But the perfume of the violets—and the lifting of her lashes—and the way she looked at me and—" But enough! I think I have given you a fair taste of dear old "Hop" Smith's "Gentle Art of Dining."

S. T. C.

Have you been in Ontario (California) recently? Euclid avenue in the main business part of the city has been so transformed you would hardly know it. And it has been done by trimming trees and planting grass in the formerly neglected central portion of this beautiful avenue. Why haven't other Southern California cities such a street?

Well Known Figures of Los Angeles---I

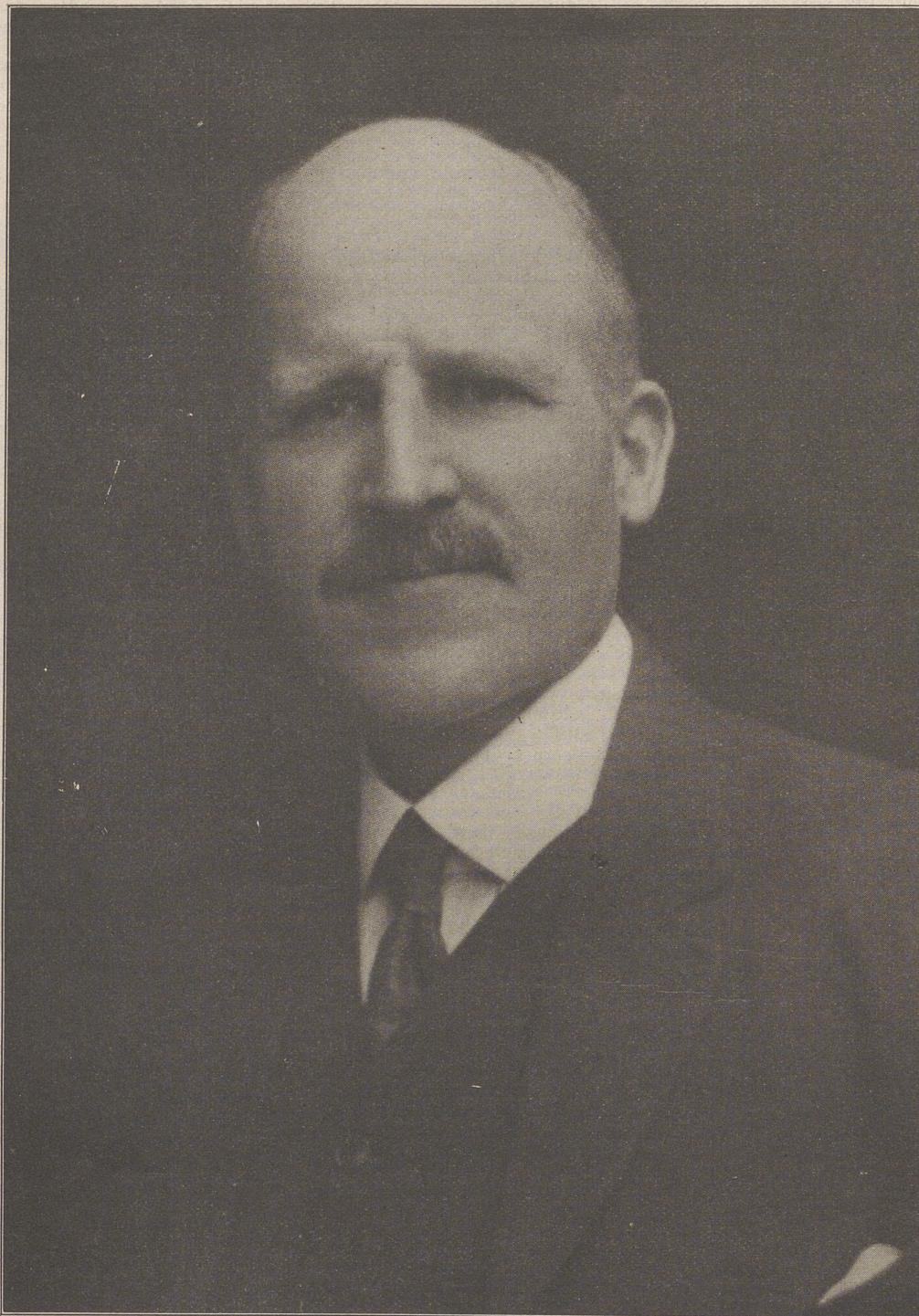
Gen. M. H. Sherman

ONE of the first requisites of a successful politician is the possession of a good memory. This is easily a prime quality of General M. H. Sherman of Los Angeles, who might have aspired to any political office in the gift of the people if his ambitions had lain in that direction. Earlier in his career, when he was helping to prepare Arizona territory for statehood honors, he was elected superintendent of public instruction, a position he had previously held by appointment from Governor John C. Fremont. In proof of the truth of my premise, although a Republican and nominated on a Republican ticket, the strongly Democratic territory discriminated in General Sherman's favor, he being the only nominee on his ticket that survived. The school laws of Arizona, which were formulated in his term of office, still remain in operation, a tribute to his thoroughness and perspicacity.

It was in Arizona, too, that the military title he bears so gracefully came to him as adjutant general of the national guard, an office he held under two governors. Of tall, commanding figure, keen eyes and nose inclined to the Roman, the courtesy prefix he bears seems eminently fitting, and a natural accompaniment to a surname so famous in American military history. But while William Tecumseh was of Ohio stock, his Los Angeles namesake was born in West Rupert, Bennington County, Vermont, December 3, 1853, of forbears whose advent in New England dates back to early Colonial times. His authority to teach was gained from the Oswego (N. Y.) Normal School, and while still in his teens he taught district school in the Empire state. But the call of the west was strong and before he was twenty the young educator heeded it by starting for Los Angeles. In 1872-3 the sleepy pueblo did not have the lure for wide-awake youngsters seeking their fortune that has since characterized it and after a brief stay here, young Sherman crossed over into Arizona, where in the mining town of Prescott he resumed his vocation of teaching.

In 1876, centennial year, Governor A. F. K. Stafford did the young school teacher the honor to name him as Arizona's representative at the World's Fair in Philadelphia where he remained until fall, returning to the coast with his sister, now the wife of Mr. E. P. Clark of Los Angeles. Journeying by way of the isthmus, their steamer from New York was wrecked in the Windward passage, and for several days the vessel drifted aimlessly about, until a Liverpool steamer came alongside and rescued the passengers from their plight. After long delay, however, the Shermans, brother and sister, reached Los Angeles.

In 1884, when General Sherman was 31, he started the Valley Bank of Phoenix, of which he was its first president. The institution has enjoyed a prosperous career and has long been regarded as one of the solid financial banks of the state. It was in 1889 that the street car situation in Los Angeles attracted his attention. The costly cable system which a Chicago syndicate had installed resulted in failure and the time was ripe for the introduction of an electric line, which had



proved successful in one or two eastern cities. General Sherman marked the opportunity and seized it. With his brother-in-law, Mr. E. P. Clark, the two obtained a franchise and raised sufficient capital to build the first few miles of electric railroad in Los Angeles. It met the want and the company presently absorbed the cable road. Later, Messrs. Sherman and Clark built an electric line to Pasadena, which they sold, together with the Los Angeles system to Mr. Henry E. Huntington. Then the needs of the ocean resort cities attracted their attention and the brothers-in-law began the construction of electric lines to Hollywood, Soldiers' Home, Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Redondo and other points, eventually building up the fine system known as the Los Angeles-Pacific Railway Company, which was sold to the late E. H. Harriman for a large sum of money. To General Sherman and Mr. E. P. Clark is credit due for their pioneer work in the electric railway field in Southern California. I believe the general still owns a controlling interest in the Phoenix street railway.

Married in 1885 to Miss Harriet E. Pratt, daughter of R. H. Pratt, one of the builders of the Central Pacific railway, three children have blessed their union, Robert, now in charge of his father's interests in Phoenix, Hazeltine and Lucy. With the latter the general has toured the world several times, penetrating to odd quarters of the globe seldom visited by the average tourist. I

have had word from him in the most unconventional of places. Wherever there was an interesting spot to be visited, his energy and will to see carried him to it. From a tea plantation in India has come a caddy of the fragrant leaf with his compliments or, perhaps, from far-off Sumatra, a curious shell or other souvenir that had attracted his fancy.

This faculty of remembering his friends is one of the delightful traits of General Sherman. I know of dozens to whom he sends, regularly, a potted Easter lily in the season and again at Christmas a big box of oranges from his grove. It is a part of his life to pay these little courtesies and he is never too busy to overlook them. His memory is so retentive that when he meets an old acquaintance on the street he can recall the names of all his friend's children and even of the grandchildren, enumerate their traits of character and express his delight at their progress. Nor is it merely lip compliment. The general is really interested in them, for he loves children and would never disappoint one to whom he had made a promise.

Last year he paid a visit to the old home in Vermont and to needy relatives and deserving old friends, in a quiet way made them happy. A farm was bought for one, a mortgage lifted for another, repairs long delayed were ordered made for a third until there were few in the village who did not have cause to rejoice at the return of the Californian who maintained all the generous traditions of the coast without stint. Several nephews have been started right with the world by their uncle after they had proved their efficiency.

He believes in helping those who help themselves and regards it as ruinous to character to thrust assistance of any kind upon a youth before he shall have shown the quality of his mettle. Once tested and found not wanting his generosity takes practical expression. I believe I state the precise truth in saying that General Sherman never spoke ill of any man. I suppose he has made enemies in the course of his business career, but he prefers to make friends and once made he holds them. If you see a tall, well set up man of rather florid features, good color and kindly eyes, with his arm resting friendly across the shoulder of another man, into whose ear he is murmuring pleasant words, make no mistake, it is General M. H. Sherman, just emerged from his suite of rooms at the Westminster and, perhaps, planning to take a drive out to his suburban cottage in the San Fernando valley, which retreat contains scores of substantial souvenirs sent there by his many friends to remind the occupant of their affectionate regard for him. A member of many clubs, a bank director and stockholder in numerous companies, both here and in Arizona the general, while retired from active business, is yet interested in many enterprises. I believe that he and General Harrison Gray Otis, whom he greatly admires, have large investments in common and the two generals often motor away together to the Tejon ranch in the Tehachapi for mental stock-taking.

S. T. C.

Jottings of An Eastward Journey

---By Randolph Bartlett

IT is impossible to travel along the northern Pacific coast and eastward through the mountains without being impressed by one fact, constantly—that California is regarded by everyone, consciously or unconsciously, favorably or adversely inclined, as the American standard of beauty. You hear repeatedly such remarks as these: "This is so unattractive after California." "This is as beautiful as anything I saw in California." "It is hard to appreciate ordinary parts of the country, having seen California." Or perhaps the ardent son of Oregon, passing through the magnificent Rogue River valley as the train climbs down a tortuous route from Siskiyou, "Where can you show me anything like this in California?" The question itself is a tribute, for he is not conscious of the California charm he would not even mention the state, nor suggest the comparison.

But with all the grandeur of northern Oregon there is one point that strikes the traveler forcibly each time he reaches a town, that every prospect pleases and only man is vile in his defacement of the landscape. Ashland is a typical case. In the background, like a snow-capped peak, flanked with splendid, pine-clad consorts, is the city rising from the railway in a gentle foot-hill slope. Yet the houses look as if they were turned out by the dozen from some sort of a machine, which manufactures them in long strips, chopping off one at a time as they emerge, each one identical with the others. There are, possibly, four of these machines—one for the two-story, gable-roofed house, one for the one-story gable, one for the two-story pyramid roof and one for the one-story pyramid. By using a little ingenuity these might be reduced to two—the gable and the pyramid type. It seems never to occur to the owners of these houses to plant anything around them. They probably say to themselves, "If we want to see a tree all we have to do is look at the mountains." So Ashland, which could be one of the loveliest places in the world, is a blot on the landscape that would be abolished by special act of legislature if it were found in California. After having seen how beautiful even the humblest surroundings can be and are made, in the small California communities, there are only two deductions to be drawn from such places as Ashland—either trees, shrubs and flowers will not grow in Oregon, or the people have no appreciation of beauty.

How few there are who are contented to accept beauty for its own sake! You ride along on the train and come to a particularly magnificent stretch of valley vista. "How wonderful!" exclaims your neighbor, and then "What do they call this valley?" You do not know, and do not care, satisfied to absorb the splendor of a supreme mood of nature without curiosity as to the label. But your neighbor fidgets, takes a railway map from his pocket, and forgets the spectacle in the pursuit of mere information. Failing other means of quenching his insatiable thirst, he rushes off in search of conductor or brakeman, and by the time he has discovered that the name attached to the section is "Smith's Flats," "Dog River Valley," or such inspiring appellation, the train has passed on into a narrow, confining cut, and he has lost his opportunity. Still he is serene in his knowledge that he has acquired information, and added to his store of facts. Names are of little real value except commercially. The most enjoyable association I ever have experienced on a train was with a man with whom I played pinochle most of the way from Seattle to Harlowtown, Montana, and parted from him without even thinking of such a thing as telling him my name or asking his. Sufficient that he was a good pinochle player and an interesting talker. More than that is extraneous. What is more banal than these train acquaintances in which each discovers that, many years ago, both passed a certain length of time in the same city? The spirited conversations runs like this:

"Did you know Binks?"

"Seems to me the name is familiar, but I can't recall him."

"Why, he was the man who went in with Jinks to build the hotel at the corner of Main and Depot Avenue."

"O, yes," mendaciously, "I remember the firm. But did you know Jiggs, the man that ran the shoe store across the street?"

"Can't say I do."

"O, you must have known Jiggs. Great character—everybody knew him. Used to hang out

most of the time at Riggs' cigar stand. And stories—well, the best in the world at it. O, you must have seen him!"

"Perhaps, but the real town character to me was Jaggs—"

And so they go on raising each other with these acquaintances, like men engaged in the noble pastime of playing poker without paying for the chips. Highly edifying!

There is another train pest "who never would be missed." Every time you go out on the observation platform you see his huge bulk and hear his voice rumble above the noise of the train, as he informs the awe-struck assemblage grouped admiringly about him, "I've lived in this section of the country, man and boy, for thirty years, and I know every tree and rock in it. I travel up and down here on this train not less than once a week, and often two or three times. Now that place over there is a farm of umpteen thousand acres, and it is owned by John Smith. When John first came to this country—" and so he flows on forever. We were passing through a little place on the Shasta route where there was a sawmill. "See that mill over there—well, it is just one of a dozen owned by the Blank Lumber Company. That mill runs day and night, year in and year out, and every twenty-four hours it turns out 250,000 feet of lumber." "It doesn't look it," one of the braver souls in the party remarked. It really was a most insignificant looking mill. "It's the fine machinery they have," the human guide-book explained. "But 250,000 feet is a lot of lumber—more than 10,000 feet an hour," persisted the brave soul, who had a mind for figures. "Well, sir, that's what it does, 250,000 feet a day," came the assurance. At this, a quiet little man in the corner spoke up, "That mill has been running five years and never turned out 250,000 feet of lumber in its entire existence. It doesn't saw lumber. It's used for making railway ties." "Are you sure about that?" asked the human misguide book, a bit abashed, but not yet in retreat. "I ought to be—I own it," replied the other. I think the animated compendium of misinformation threw himself off the train, for we never saw him again.

There was bright sunshine all the way through Oregon the day the train on which I traveled passed through. As we dropped down off Siskiyou an Oregon girl who was taking a California girl home for a visit said, proudly, "Now, we're in Oregon." Miss California answered, "No. This can't be Oregon. It isn't raining." "All right, make fun of Oregon if you like. Down in California the sun shines all the time and you say you like it. In Oregon it rains all the time and we like it." After carefully comparing the two speakers one was forced to admit that, judging by results, the two climates are of about equal virtue. But speaking of wetness and dryness, there is a growing conviction everywhere that national prohibition is certain to go into effect within a comparatively few years. Oregon and Washington will both be in the prohibition list within the year. Seattle will then be the largest port in the world where a sailor cannot (legally at least, or openly) get a drink. If it can be done in Seattle, it can be done anywhere, for this city has had a reputation for wide-openness for many years. The strangest phenomenon in the north Pacific coast country, is that the men who have been the sincerest drinkers do not seem to feel any great shroud of gloom descending upon them, and speak of the coming dry condition in jocular terms. They are "tapering off" and feeling better for it. They object to the law on principle, but have no personal feeling concerning it. And almost unanimously they regard it as simply another sign of the coming national condition, and therefore, as such, not worth fighting against. Everyone seems to regard California and New York as the last bulwarks of the anti-prohibitionists, and they have their doubts about California, notwithstanding its large interests at stake.

While the C. M. & St. P. is the newest of the transcontinental roads in the north, the Olympian is becoming one of the most popular trains to Chicago. The road has declared its independence of George Pullman and all his works, and builds its own sleeping cars, diners and other equipment. Also, it has established a standard of service which is unique among railroads. The train crews make a real effort to anticipate the wants of the passengers, and neither is this with

any suggestion of the itching palm, though, of course, tips are not forbidden, but the general atmosphere which the road has succeeded in creating is that of a club in which the employes are really interested in the comfort of the members. Through an employes' magazine all persons in the pay of the road are encouraged to contribute articles and suggestions for the improvement of service, and there are men who devote all their time to traveling back and forth and fostering the spirit of cooperation. It is a comparatively new idea, and although it has been tried more or less spasmodically on other de luxe trains, this is not an "extra fare" line and the plan is to work it all the way down through the entire company. The average sleeping car conductor, for instance, as he receives no honorariums from the passengers, on other roads is not seen ordinarily after he takes up your coupon. On the Olympian he is back and forth constantly, not intruding nor annoyingly servile, but always looking for something to do for the members of the club of which he is steward.

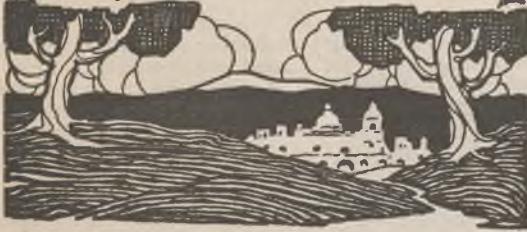
Too much praise cannot be given the Southern Pacific Company for the manner in which it has beautified the right of way from Los Angeles to Portland. Wild flower seeds, poppies principally, have been sowed all along the track, and the road now runs through a veritable ribbon of golden blossoms. This has created a tremendous amount of comment among visitors, for they who have been out to the coast before realize that it is something new done for the sake of adding another touch to California's beauty, and they who are making their first trip are even more strongly impressed, believing it to be the natural condition.

Seattle is the least nervous city on the coast. It has not the restless desire to be constantly at the pinnacle of achievement that characterizes Los Angeles, nor the tendency toward issuing bonds upon the future which keeps San Francisco at a perpetual tension. There is about it an atmosphere of solidity, progress combined with entire satisfaction with conditions as they exist, a realization that to go too far ahead of the times is to set aside a period in the future when there must be a pause while the times are catching up. There is something substantial about everything, from the way the hills have been carved down to make room for skyscrapers to the railway stations with their square, business-like appearance of permanence and capacity for taking care of a vast amount of business. There is more real, ingrown confidence in the future among Seattle men than anywhere else from the Canadian line to Tia Juana, for the reason that what confidence they have is not surrounded by vast floods of talk, such as is to be heard with and without reason, in and out of season, in many of the coast cities.

I have seen the ugliest thing in the world—Butte, Montana. It is not surprising that there are frequent riots there. There was almost a riot on our train when we found we had to stay there ten minutes for a change of engines. A woman who had been apparently happy all the way across from Seattle, began crying as we approached the place. Another woman who had been talking to her asked her what was the matter. "Wait until you see Butte. I've been in San Francisco a month and now I've got to go back to Butte to live." On the platform one woman was saying goodbye to another and crying because she couldn't go away too. As far as eye can reach there is no tree, no shrub, no blade of grass, and, depressed by the futility of trying to make anything attractive in the matter of landscape effects, the people have sunk into depths of degradation in the creation of ugly structures that you will not possibly be able to conceive without looking at the place. Yet Montana itself possesses a great deal of unique charm. Its hills, at this time of year, have not the kindliness of the California ones, and lack that intimate, personal touch, but there are vast distances that bring a feeling of inspiration, and there is not a place in the entire state, so far as I can find, from which there is not a view of range after range of snow-capped peaks, crowned part of the time with fleecy clouds, or surrounded by minarets and domes of vapor, and at other times flooded along their flanks and bases with royal purples—not the magical, mystical purples of California, but regal and splendid.

Lewistown, April 19, 1915.

By the Way



Australian Premier Loves California

Returning from a five-days' motoring trip in Southern California, Hon. Alfred Deakin, former premier of Federated Australia, expresses himself as a lover for all time of this part of the state. He and Mrs. Deakin were guests of Mr. George Chaffey, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Chaffey and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the outing. Ontario particularly attracted the distinguished visitor since it was there thirty years ago that Mr. Deakin saw the "model colony" in its incipiency, when sage-brush and jack-rabbits were the principal objects of interest. The cement irrigation system proved a joy to the Australian whose several books on irrigation have marked him as an expert on artificial water supply. The view from Squirrel Inn enchanted the traveler who said he had seen nothing to compare with it save, perhaps, at Darjeeling, India. Arrived at San Diego, President G. A. Davidson of the Panama-California Fair, with his wife, proved a capital host to the visitors, the fact that Mr. Deakin is President of the Australian commission to the two fairs possibly serving to stimulate his endeavor, although Mr. Deakin's own personality is attractive enough in itself. A delightful luncheon was given by President Davidson to the Deakin party and later Colonel Pendleton had the guards pass in review on the plaza, when Mr. Deakin saluted the colors. Mrs. Deakin is fully as interesting as her talented husband and her powers of observation have supplied her with a fund of anecdotes that makes her a charming traveling companion. Miss Deakin was studying music in Budapest just prior to the breaking out of the war and left there to accompany her parents on their present visit to California.

Edward Everett Ayer, Collector

One of the interesting men who acknowledge Chicago as their home—and there are many of that type—was in Los Angeles this week, hobnobbing with Isadore Dockweiler, whose father was Edward Everett Ayer's comrade fifty years ago when the latter was a member of the California troop, on duty in this district. Mr. Ayer is a noted collector of Americana and has one of the finest private libraries in the country. Also, he and Mrs. Ayer are extensive travelers; hardly a city of any importance in Europe that they have not visited from once to ten times. Mrs. Ayer was a Burbank, and is an aunt of Elbridge Ayer Burbank, the noted Indian painter, whose sojourn in Los Angeles six years ago will be readily recalled. Mr. Ayer has been a liberal patron of his nephew's art work and owns several hundred of his Indian studies, particularly of the big chiefs, whose portraits constitute a valuable section of his Americana. A director of the Field Museum, he has taken a deep interest in the pursuit of archaeological field exploration, financing many expeditions that have saved to posterity countless valuable relics of a forgotten past. He tells me he has willed his entire collection of books and priceless Americana to Newberry Library. Chicago is fortunate in having many citizens of Mr. Ayer's generous type, but few who are so modest, unassuming and democratic as he.

Times Staff Cuts a Melon

I understand that the Times' local and editorial staff is cutting a melon this week in the shape of a fat dividend on an investment in a land deal in the San Fernando valley in which Harry Chandler was good enough to let the boys participate six or seven years ago. I am told that the ones who had confidence enough in the venture to invest will clean up about six to one for every dollar put into the enterprise. Among the fortunate are Harry E. Andrews, who will probably net \$75,000, and Harry Carr whose profits while not so large are well into the four figures. John Von Blohn, city editor, also has reason to be thankful he "cut in." I realize why the old boys, such as Assistant Postmaster Dishman,

Frank Greaves, of the Fred Alles Company, Austin Martin, the capable manager of the Los Angeles Investment Company, and others are so loyal to their old paper. In the opportunity given them to participate in "good things" the Times' management on several prior occasions had proved its interest in their welfare.

Pornographic "News" in Detail

Like trout in fly time the esteemed daily papers of Los Angeles have grabbed at the salacious testimony adduced at the Sebastian trial, which they have set out in type ranging from brevier to small pica and in space from six to twenty columns, the latter constituting the limit occupied by the opening story in the Examiner Thursday morning. And what pornographic stuff it is! There is no attempt at editing the nasty mess. The evidence of the star witness is blazoned forth with painful regard to detail, for the delectation of young girls and youths whose parents neglect to burn the putrid purveyors before the cheeks of the adolescent are made to blush. The smug Earl sheets are similarly guilty of pandering to concupiscent minds. All the dailies wallowed in the same hog trough of filth, presumably because it was "privileged" matter. If the children of this generation are more sophisticated than the preceding ones it is because of just such reprehensible exploitation of putrescent "news"—save the mark—as at this time is spread before them. The trial should proceed behind locked doors, and all reference to it be confined to the barest outline. Journalism is disgraced and the community outraged by the depictions set out in the daily press of the proceedings in Judge Wood's courtroom at this time. How that jurist must revolt at such unfoldings! Here, boy, more formaldehyde, quick!

Demise of Noted Impresario

Word comes from Portland of the death there this week of Mario Lambardi, the noted grand opera impresario, who in the last fifteen years has headed several opera companies of great excellence to the delectation of music lovers in Los Angeles. He had many friends in Southern California who will regret to learn of his demise. Of recent years directing grand opera companies has not been a financial success and Lambardi, like his eastern colleagues, had suffered reverses.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

ABOUT 25,000 citizens took part in the impressive thanksgiving service held in the Court of the Universe at the Exposition Sunday, to commemorate the ninth anniversary of the New San Francisco. This is a year of much oratory in these parts, and the Exposition officials who have to make speeches almost every day win their applause if only for their indefatigable industry. But the notable citizens who made addresses at the anniversary celebration all rose to the solemn dignity of the occasion, and the immense congregation was moved by their heartfelt eloquence. Father McQuade recalled the prophecy of the late Archbishop Riordan, "who, when told by a distinguished man that it would take a race of giants twenty years to restore San Francisco, said that San Francisco would be rebuilt to fairer and grander proportions ere he reached the end of his day."

On the platform were the leading clergy of the various denominations as well as the heads of the two universities. Their proximity reminded me of a "religious toleration" banquet held nearly twelve years ago in Los Angeles. The late Archbishop Montgomery in rising to respond to an impromptu toast proposed "The Mother Church." The next speaker called upon was Rabbi Hirsch who after paying a graceful tribute to the Catholics asked his audience to drink to "The Grandmother Church." No one enjoyed the rabbi's bon mot more than the archbishop.

Though the legislature turned down Mr. Silverwood's song, it has just received a handsome endorsement from the pulpit. "Whoever," said Dr. Josiah Sibley in his sermon yesterday, "has learned to sing 'I Love You, California' can never be happy till he dwells by the sunset sea."

Judge C. C. Moore is not only a recognized authority on divorce but invariably bears the courage of his convictions. He gave startling testimony before the senate judiciary committee last week, and made a powerful argument for increased restrictions against fraud and collusion. "There is," he declared, "three times as much perjury among women in divorce suits as by men." He declared the proposed legislation was "an urg-

ent necessity." The genial judge gallantly expressed his regret at being compelled to make such an aspersion. It requires considerable courage nowadays for a judge to make such a statement.

Not less than ninety golfers started in the preliminary round of the P. P. I. amateur championship, and the Ingleside links will be the scene of fine contests this week. It will be a great feather in the cap of western golfers if one of them should defeat such famous players as Charles "Chick" Evans or H. Chandler Egan. Southern California is well represented by E. S. Armstrong, Harold Lamb, A. A. French and Arthur Braly. After the recent trimming given Robin Hayne and Jack Neville by your Southern experts, the form of Armstrong and Lamb is being watched with keen interest, but the change from sand to turf greens is a serious penalty to them both.

No greater test of the value of publicity was ever made than in the campaign just concluded over the purchase of Spring Valley. For a week before the election, the householder was bombarded every day with circulars composed by pro and antagonists. Many a thoughtless vote was undoubtedly won by the promise of immediate reward in dollars and cents. The householder who has been paying water rates for the last six years was told that in the event of the bonds being carried he or she would promptly receive a rebate amounting to about six months' payments. Of course, this consideration had nothing whatever to do with the merits of the city's expending \$34,500,000 on the property. But in the plethora of verbiage and the juggling of figures it was one statement which everybody could grasp.

Rudolph Spreckels led the army of antagonists. He subscribed \$2000 to the funds of the antis, and his signature was attached to some of the most highly colored of their "arguments." Mr. Spreckels' style was reminiscent of the bitterest wordslinging days of the graft prosecution. The first paragraph of one of his effusions read: "Nothing in the darkest pages of our municipal history equals the present water campaign. Every selfish individual and interest in the city is lined up behind the most outrageous corporation hold-up ever attempted in San Francisco." But in the camp of the "selfish individuals" Mr. Spreckels found most of his former political cronies including his "reform" mayor, Dr. Edward R. Taylor, and Curtis Lindley, while his main newspaper ally has been the Chronicle which he and his friends have so often denounced as the organ of the "selfish interests." Mr. de Young, it has been shown, severed his friendship with Spring Valley when the company discovered that it would be breaking the law by continuing to serve him water at a special rate. There is nothing like the whirligig of time for realignment in municipal politics, but the isolation of Mr. Spreckels in the recent campaign was curiously instructive.

While the size of the Los Angeles delegation to the dedication of the county exhibit was not so large as had been expected, it made a brave showing. The bevy of pretty girls and handsome matrons who formed a court for Miss Sibyl Mather and the beauty of the queen herself brought a fiesta brilliance to the ceremonies. And the Los Angelans brought sunshine as well as oranges with them, although in the afternoon not a few who had forgotten the existence of overcoats were driven to the Zone for warmth. The speeches at the dedication were unusually felicitous, "Joe" Scott distinguishing himself in both serious and lighter veins. He skilfully balanced between the hyperbole of the "boost" and the extravagance of the "josh," and put everyone, even the hungry, in good humor. The boosters had breakfasted at an unusually early hour, and the delegation attended the ceremonies on empty stomachs which, however, were appeased promptly afterward. The city and county band did itself proud in the afternoon. Subsequently, the Los Angeles band offered its services to the Exposition, and on Friday gave a concert. Adolph Tandler distinguishing himself even in comparison with the great bandmasters who make music in the grounds of the Jewel City.

Many of the Los Angeles delegates remained for the "Nine Years After" festivities and thanksgiving, one of the most attractive features of Saturday's big parade being the Los Angeles float which bore Queen Sibyl and her court. By that time the maidens from the South had improved their aim and their orange-throwing ability caused plenty of diversion. R. H. C.

San Francisco, April 20.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

FULLY living up to the expectations aroused for it, the Lamar Barrere ensemble delighted a large audience at Trinity, Tuesday night, giving the last of the Philharmonic concerts of this season. The woodwind instruments of an orchestra give the spice, the finer flavoring, to its performances, consequently this concert may be described as offering a highly-spiced program. Flute, oboes, clarinets, bassoons and French horns, and once the English horn (or alto oboe), made up the list of instruments, each in the hands of a finished performer and all drilled to the perfection of unity. Four sections of the program were given to the full group of instruments; in the other two parts there were two quartets and a flute solo, the latter played by Mr. Barrere, who is the persistent star of the aggregation. When, in the course of an orchestral number, a section of a composition is given to the winds and brasses, one listens with increased enjoyment for variety and color afforded; but here was a whole program of such. The first thought would be that so much of a kind might prove monotonous—as, for instance, a meal of caviare and chili sauce; but, as a matter of fact, the perfection of tone quality, the shading and the absolute unity of expression made the evening one of continuous musical delight. The selections were from Mozart, Schubert, Perilhau, Debussy, Delibes and MacDowell.

It would be hard to arrange a more attractive violin program than that offered by Otie Chew (Mrs. Thilo Becker) for her recital at Trinity Auditorium, Thursday of last week. The largest and most complex number was the Cesar Franck sonata for violin and piano, played with Mr. Becker at the piano. Inasmuch as this is a sonata for the two instruments, the composer is supposed to divide the work fairly between the two instruments; but, as a matter of fact, the bulk of it is given to the piano, and as to tonal qualities, the violin becomes a secondary. This sonata is one of the largest of its class and the pianist who attempts it must have a comprehensive equipment, such as had the present performer. It is "musicians' music" not written for the popular ear and is even less general in its appeal than is Schumann's music. Mrs. Becker excels in the exposition of natural sentiment and this was shown in the group of Kreisler arrangements from old writers, and the charm of her performance certainly rivals that of the arranger. From the Dresden-china-like delicacy of a Mozart minuet, seldom heard, she passed to the Pugnani Preludium and Allegro, which I never heard given with a broader conception.

Then came the Mendelssohn, concerto, beloved of violinists, and a closing group from Goldmark, recently deceased; Debussy, in his earlier and less complicated vein, and another arrangement by Kreisler, from Dvorak. This group was more virtuosic—to coin a word—than its predecessors, save the concerto, and made a happy ending for the program. Will Garroway again showed his status as an artist accompanist with only the possible criticism of too heavy touch for his artists "con sor-dino" Couperin dances, for which a

harpischord would have been more appropriate. The admiration of the audience was warmly expressed, and an elaborate series of floral offerings accented the regard in which the fair performer is held.

It is rare that Southern California has the opportunity to welcome so peculiarly noted a composer as Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. Next Tuesday, April 27, she will be the guest of honor of the Cabrillo chapter, D. A. R., at the Woman's club house. Mrs. Beach has made her way to the front rank of American composers by the sheer merit of her work. She started at four years of age to write her opus one; but her fame does not rest on her precosity. Her Jubilate for the Columbian exposition at Chicago, her Mass in E flat, written when she was twenty, her Gaelic symphony, played a number of times by the Boston symphony orchestra, and her violin sonata have given her first place among the women composers of America, though she excels in perfection of her



Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

smaller forms. Her more recent quintet for piano and strings is in rehearsal by the Brahms quintet for performance at the Congress of American Musicians program, June 29. In September, which marks the three hundred and seventy-third anniversary of the landing of Cabrillo on the Pacific Coast, the Cabrillo chapter will present to the city of Los Angeles a beautiful bronze tablet, a memorial to the explorer. It is planned to have the tablet unveiled by the president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who will be in California at that time. The tablet is finished and will be shown at the reception musical next Tuesday for the first time. The chapter has joined in a benefit musical with the Music Settlement Association. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach has graciously consented to be the guest of honor. The program, of which Miss Margaret Goetz is in charge, will be of a high order, as the leading musicians of Los Angeles will present Mrs. Beach's compositions. The reception will be at three o'clock, the program beginning promptly at four. Mrs. Mary E. Stilson, regent of Cabrillo Chapter, D. A. R., is in charge of the local arrangements for the reception.

Of quite a musical nature was the presentation of Carl Bronson's little pageant "California," at the Gamut Club auditorium last Friday night. It was given by the Orpheus Club, a



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Desmond's
Spring at Third

well-known chorus of young men. The leading character of Father Serra was taken by J. P. Dupuy, the director of the club, and there were given in connection with the various scenes musical numbers appropriate, one of them a chorus written by Mr. Bronson. This work does not profess to be a play, or to have continuous development of story. Rather, it is a series of pictures selected from the early Spanish history of California, as follows: Sending Father Serra from Mexico City to California; on the journey, depicting Serra's faith; an Indian camp receiving the news of the coming of white faces; a fiesta day in a mission settlement; a Spanish love scene; and, finally, the passing of Serra at Carmel mission, with full chorus. The scenic effects, stage settings and costumes were perhaps the best ever seen on this stage and the stage management by Edgar Temple showed the practiced hand. The text of the work is in poetical style. It has the merit of brevity and tells the central idea of each scene, without delay. The club had the assistance of Fay Crowe as a lively Spanish maiden, who showed distinct histrionic ability. While there are a dozen roles in the pageant, certain ones deserve mention, Mr. Dupuy, as stated, having the principal character and proved his former experience in this and other roles. L. M. Tibbett, as a conservative young Indian demonstrated marked histrionic ability and with Mr. Garrison had excellent voice management for Indian parts. The size of the company crowded the Gamut stage and the necessary waits for stage settings were rather extended; otherwise, with these minor features, which are incident to any amateur performance the piece moved smoothly and successfully.

Another Sunday afternoon concert was that of the Woman's Orchestra at Temple Auditorium. Henry Schoenfeld led his orchestra in five numbers, which it played with all acceptance. Mr. Schoenfeld has made an orchestral score for a paraphrase of "Die Lorelei," in which the organ solo was taken by Ray Hastings. Also a nocturne for string orchestra by the director was played, with flute and 'cello obligatos by Misses Percival and Fuhrer. Henrietta H. Cole, soprano, was soloist, offering several numbers in a pleasing style and with clear tone. The piano soloist was

(Continued on Page 15.)

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Cheaters

WHILE "The Wild Olive" which was given its first production on any stage at the Burbank last Sunday starts in as a yellow-melo, and imbues one with ennui until the end of the second act, the quality of the play rises from this time on. Had Elmer Harris, who made Basil King's book into a play, followed the setting of the author's introductory picture and made Miriam's studio his first scene he would have eliminated many hackneyed and ludicrous situations. Take, for instance, the dropping of the guard into the cellar trap. The only really worth while bit in this act was the scene between Miriam and Norrie Ford, and Norrie's illusion to the Darwinian theory of the "branch to branch route of fate." True, Walter Catlett's entrance as Tom Lewis caused a stir, but that was more because of the man than the part. One can see what Mr. Harris was driving at however. He thought it helped connect the story at the end, but are not such conclusions obvious?

Considered in the altogether there is little to recommend the play for a long run. A. E. Anson, the new man from New York with an over-sea reputation to back him, suffered under the disadvantage of a poor role. He was nervous and lacked the feeling of "at homeness." True, he measured up to the distances one gauges leading men by in the trying situation in the third act, and it is safe to say that he will do better when he acquires the attunement of environment. The part of Norrie Ford, when one has said a word about Judge Wayne of the men, has all the fine fiber of the play in it. Charles Conquest is like a character of H. Rider Haggard, of whom it was said "he gave so much that it seemed ungracious to criticize;" Henry Jarrott is too stereotyped; Chris Ford too bombastic, and Tom and Jacob belong in the discard heap of melo-dramatic characters. In the characterization of these parts Louis Bennison, playing Judge Wayne, though he did not seem to grasp the spirit of the role in the first two acts, was adequate in the really good third act. If all blind people might conduct themselves with his dignity and poise! Edmund Lowe was dignified without being priggish as Charles Conquest, and he might so readily have overdone the part. James K. Applebee did Henry Jarrott as a gentleman should, and James Corrigan, was a trifle too forceful, yet seemed to understand the author's delineation of the character. Walter L. Catlett's bit of "local color" gave him little scope to demonstrate his usual powers and Ralph Bell as Jacob, the cause of all the trouble, did little damage so far as stealing the honors for acting from the others.

Having digested this much of the picture, perhaps it is as well to tell what it is all about. Doubtless, many have read the book and know the plot. However, for those non-fiction readers let me elucidate. Norris Ford, a ne'er do well son of Chris Ford's brother, has been left a quarter of a million on the condition that he "make good" with his uncle, who conducts a milling camp. He is in the Adirondack lumber country. It is spring—the woods are full of "saying things." Miriam Strange wanders by for a glass of water, is seen and bidden to lunch. Filtering rays of love-at-first-sight envelop them, and even the sheriff's clutch does not keep them apart. Jacob, Chris's man of all work,

with the "heimway" in his heart, and the lack of funds in his pocket, sees an opportunity in the quarrel of Norrie and Chris for getting money. He dispatches Chris and permits the blame to fall on Norrie. In the escape of Norrie—his "making good"—and his subsequent discovery—the story of the play is told. The minor details do little to shade the poor values of the whole creation.

Of the women Lillian Elliot's interpretation of Jacob's "where there is ignorance 'twere folly to be wise" wife is a fine characterization. Dialogue roles require much study, and unless keen care is exercised good work may be overthrown in a moment. Alice Fleming lacked the subtlety for the part of Miriam and played it with more nativity than necessary. Evie Colfax as Winifred Kingston did good work, though she over-accented its importance at times. Miss Kingston has not quite re-adjusted her stage presence from that of the film drama of recent affiliation. B. de L. K.

Will Cressy's Good Play at Orpheum

Will M. Cressy's latest one-act play, "The Man Who Remembered," shares honors with the two holdovers at the Orpheum this week. Never having been in a small town in New England, I cannot say whether or not Cressy's portrayal is true to life, but it certainly interprets that life in the way it is chronically regarded, so the skit is well received. There is brilliant humor, a sufficiency of pathos, and the little play has a powerful "punch." The part of Hiram Howe, the woman-hater who runs the general store, is taken by Cressy himself, while the representative of Carter & Co.'s cradle factory is admirably interpreted by Blanche Dayne. Blanche Ring and her company in "Oh, Papa," and Lamberti's impersonations of famous musicians are greeted with even greater enthusiasm than last week, possibly, because the general average of the bill falls below that of its predecessor. Abe Attell's monologue is—well, it's just a monologue; the cleverness of the "occult" part of the Sharrocks' act is counteracted by the down right vulgarity of the first part; the Five Hursleys present a fast-moving acrobatic number; and Charley Brown & May Newman and Bonita & Lew Hearn have "patter" numbers, the only redeeming features of which are Miss Newman's beauty and Hearn's song, "If I Find Spanish Joe from Mexico."

Melodrama at the Burbank

"Big Jim Garrity," by Owen Davis, will be produced for the first time in stock next week at the Burbank, beginning Sunday afternoon. The piece, which is a melodrama, enjoyed a long run in New York, and later on the road, but this will be its first presentation in the west. Alice Fleming, Grace Travers and Winifred Bryson will play the leading feminine parts, while Louis Bennison, Walter Catlett, Edmund Lowe and James Corrigan will enact the principal masculine roles.

Bernhardt's Protege at the Orpheum

Featuring the program at the Orpheum next week beginning with the Monday matinee is a quartette of leading attractions, including John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, who come in "The Quakeress;" Madame

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Pantages

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Wallis Dramatic School
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"Tennessee's Pardner"

From Bret Harte. Staged by Mildred Couzard, Goldie Colwell, Julius Meadan and Student Players. For University Forum—Dr. Rubinkam. Monday, April 26, 8:15 p. m.

Gamut Theater
1044 S. Hope St.
Main 3607

Yorska and Company, who present a startling little play, "Days of War;" Cressy & Dayne, in their most popular sketch, "Grasping an Opportunity," and Bonita and Lew Hearn, in musical comedy. Hyams and McIntyre are well known vaudeville and musical comedy stars, whose dainty little skit affords opportunity for continual delight. Mme. Yorska is the only actress Sarah Bernhardt ever featured in her own company. She is a protege of the divine Sarah, and comes, supported by noted Bernhardt players. Her vehicle, "Days of War," is appropriate and timely, and her company will give it adequate setting and atmosphere. Mr. Cressy and Miss Dayne have established themselves here in the last week. The presentation of "Grasping an Opportunity," a decided contrast to their present playlet, is full of comedy of the typical Cressy sort. Of Bonita and Lew Hearn—nothing need be said beyond the mere mention of their stay. The bill also includes Barbazon Lowther, the great Celtic baritone; (his first appearance) and in repertoire; the Kerville family, trick billiardists in an act, a great novelty; Parillo & Frabito, street singers direct from Muriel Ridley and Asta Fleming, a pantomime dance act, "Love and Fame." Of course, the orchestral concerts at 2 and 8 p. m., and the Pathé twice a week news views are also features.

Carl McCullough Heads Pantages Bill
Carl McCullough will be the star attraction at Pantages' the coming week. Carl is doing "three a day," and likes it, and of course everybody likes Carl. He is accompanied by Bud Bernie, his pianist, and although Bud was not missed when Carl was here before the reports from up north indicate that Bud helps some. Ronald Bradbury and his company of four will present a Wild West Story with the scene set in northern Montana. The Morton Jewel troupe, listed as an added attraction, is that well known family. Other features are Renello and Sister, who present a bicycle and unicycle act in which a "loop-the-loop" turn supplies the climax; Gibson and Dyso, two English comedians who entertain with songs and patter; "The Irish Lord and the Two-headed Cop," and Henning, Lewis and Company, comedy dancers.

Mark Klaw Praises Lucretia del Valle
In its twelfth week of the third of its production the Mission at San Gabriel has proved most

successful from an artistic and financial viewpoint. Three years have wrought changes in John S. McGroarty's pageant drama—changes which the poet-author himself did not expect to make. The same scenes; the same spoken words, yet every detail has been elaborated. Careful study has made the character parts more realistic, and the scenes themselves stand out clearly defined. Miss Lucretia del Valle's sympathetic rendering of the difficult role of Senora Josefa Yorba has made the last act something to be remembered. Mr. Klaw, the famous New York producer, was especially outspoken in his praise of Miss del Valle, saying among other things that she has one of the three most wonderful voices on the American stage.

Preparing for Ninth Symphony

Reserved seat sale for mail order patrons for the forthcoming production of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony has begun. This great musical festival, which will be, it is hoped, the forerunner of a great annual music festival is to be given May 17 and May 18 and with fully three hundred of the most prominent musicians of the city closely connected with the perfect rendition of this great musical work. Rehearsals of the Ellis Club and the Woman's Lyric Club under the baton of Director J. B. Poulin on the choruses are progressing magnificently and it is expected that a joint rehearsal with orchestra, all under Tandler direction, will be given in the near future. The members of both choruses, hitherto singing entirely by themselves, are delighted with the effect of the big mixed chorus, and musicians throughout the city feel that the co-operation of these two important organizations with the Symphony is one of the most vital steps forward in local musical progress and will assuredly have the result of bringing about the much to be desired affiliation of the several successful choruses which, united, would be so tremendous as a festival chorus. Much of the success of this achievement has been accomplished through the constant endeavors of Dr. Norman Bridge and G. Allan Hancock, president and treasurer, respectively, of the Symphony; Walter Bordwell, president of the Ellis Club, and of Mrs. H. P. Flint, president of the Woman's Lyric Club.

Wallis School Students to Stage Play

"Tennessee's Pardner," a dramatization of one of Bret Harte's romantic tales of western life, is to be staged by a student company of Wallis School of Dramatic Art next Monday evening at Gamut theater for University Forum, of which society Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam of Chicago is lecturer. Former students and graduates will assist in the leading roles, Mildred Couzand appearing as Tennessee Kent; Goldie Colwell, well-known to devotees of the silent drama in leads on the screen for a local film company, as Nettie Bice; Roy Kent as Gewillicker Hay, a practiced liar, Julius Meadan as Tom Romain and Ed Wilhite as Caleb Swan, a high-toned card-shark. Student members of the cast include Richard Karl Schade as Spike, the coroner; J. Alvin Bailey as Amos Barlow; Herbert Cyril Coulter as Asa Bice, Tennessee's Pardner, and Bernadine Shelt as Gewillicker's shrewish wife. Exceptional interest attaches to the performance in the student body in the return of a group of graduates now in the profession to assist, bringing a new impulse to artistic rivalry. Special permission granted to produce the play also marks it as another noteworthy even in the school annals, in which already are recorded several highly ambitious artistic efforts.

WITH THE MOVING PICTURES

MARGARET Edwards in an interlude "snatch of steps" before the "Dance of Pan" was piquant and interesting. In a most fetching mood she rendered these sylph-like waves of emotion. Now she was caught on the wisp of the wind and swayed with its rhythm, and again called below, she caressed the earth. It was a fitting tribute to Mother Nature. In the feature dance her steps while agile were delivered with more virile intention. They blended in contrast from quiet calm to eager longing for sport and its accompanying exertion. Miss Edwards certainly understands the needs of rhythmic motion and depicts it as one recognizing this ability. The photo drama which followed her dance, "The Cowboy and the Lady," adapted from the play of the same title, written by Clyde Fitch, was another feature the audience enjoyed. Especially so the introductory melodies as sung by Robert Raymond in an interesting tenor voice. S. Miller Kent and Helen Case are the stars of this drama and the setting was completed by a fine supporting company.

Oriental Dance at Majestic

Mary J. Holmes' "Lena Rivers," one of this author's best known novels, is the feature film at the Majestic for the coming week, beginning with the Sunday afternoon performance. This picture is recognized as absolutely perfect in the matter of photography. The characters represented by many leading artists, include Beulah Pointer, the famous star. Intensely dramatic situations feature the story, and realistic effects are pictured in scenes bound to hold the interest of the audience. An Oriental dance, gorgeously costumed by Mlle. Gibson, lately arrived from Europe; for between acts of the film, popular songs by Miss M. W. Stralee who reached Los Angeles early last week from a successful comic and grand opera career, complete an entertainment of great brilliance.

Clansman Plays Return Engagement

"The Clansman" will enter upon its tenth big week Monday, April 25, at Clune's Auditorium Theater. This wonderful production has had the greatest run of any picture ever produced, as ten weeks' engagement at the large auditorium is equal to twenty weeks at the ordinary theater. More than 250,000 people have seen this masterpiece of D. W. Griffith which breaks every known record of the dramatic world. Many have asked the question, "What is the cause of the great popularity of 'The Clansman'?" The general answer is that the picture is so magnificent, so full of detail, and so thoroughly real. This is true, yet a most important feature has been overlooked, and that is the manner in which "The Clansman" has been presented to the Los Angeles public. From the rising to the falling of the curtain, the audiences find themselves surrounded by the atmosphere of the South, and go away wondering if they have not been participating in the occurrences of those eventful days.

Popular Theda Bara at Miller's

Crowds were turned away unable to obtain seats at Miller's this week, thus forcing the management to put on midnight matinees beginning at 11 p. m. That this record will be surpassed the week beginning Monday seems not unlikely for the program is headed by Dumas' drama "The Clemenceau Case" a screen play which deals relentlessly with the elemental fires of human passion and is written with an acid touch. Featured in this wonderful production is that most popular of all screen stars

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From the famous Broadhurst drama, "THE MILLS OF THE GODS"

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THEDA BARA The vampire women in "A Fool There Was"
All Next Week Based on Kipling's "Vampire"

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beautiful Theda Bara "The Vampire Woman" She is supported by a splendid cast of players headed by popular William Shay and Stuart Holmes and the pictureplay was produced by that wizard of the screen Herbert Brenon. The added attraction will be the third of the interesting and exciting "Exploits of Elaine" stories.

"A Fool There Was," Quinn's Garrick

At the request of many moving picture fans the management of Quinn's Garrick theater has arranged for a special return engagement in Los Angeles the coming week of Theda Bara, "The Vampire woman" in "A Fool There Was." This highly dramatic and sensational photoplay was taken from Robert Hilliard's great stage success of the same name. The drama was suggested by Kipling's famous poem, "The Vampire." Theda Bara played the vampire role in the stage production, and has since become a prime screen favorite. The part of the fool is taken by Edward Jose, the noted star of "The Stain" and "The Taint." The photoplay has been given an elaborate production, and the two leads are supported by an all-star cast.

Robert Warwick at Woodley

An unusual offering is Robert Warwick in "The Man Who Found Himself," at the Woodley. This dramatic photoplay from George Broadhurst's famous stage drama, "The Mills of

the Gods," is presented by special arrangement with the World Film Corporation and Manager Seth D. Perkins. Robert Warwick's sterling ability finds splendid scope in this role, as do the other members of the supporting company. It is a strong, consistent, logical story around which the author has built exciting incidents and action. Briefly, the story is that of a thieving cashier, who is sent to prison and later escapes. He is hounded by a blackmailer and decides to return to the penitentiary to serve out his sentence, that he may redeem himself in the eyes of the girl he loves.

Salambo at the Superba

Salambo, the tremendous picturization of Blanch Walsh's famous stage triumph, The Daughter of Amilcar, presented at the Superba today (Saturday) and tomorrow, is as popular with theatergoers as Cabiria. The acting of the powerful, mercenary Matho and his Nubian slave, Spendius, as well as that of the voluptuous priestess, Princess Salambo, has been pronounced by those who have witnessed the film as the most thrilling ever shown. Mae Gates, talented young woman leader of the Superba Orchestra, is rendering a special program of fascinating Oriental music, including Gounod's Queen of Sheba, Lisa Lehmann's In a Persian Garden, and a weird Oriental dance selection by Roy Smith, a local composer.



Social & Personal

ONE of the pretty weddings of the week was that celebrated Wednesday at high noon, when Miss Ethelyn Kellner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kellner of Sixth avenue became the bride of Mr. Francis Beckett, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Beckett of Harvard boulevard. The ceremony took place at the West Adams Methodist Episcopal church in the presence of several hundred friends. Rev. W. L. Y. Davis officiated and the bride was given away by her father. The church decorations were artistic but simple, palms and ferns being used to line the aisle to the altar and clusters of pink roses with greenery and bows of white tulle were attractively arranged about the altar. The bride was attired in a becoming gown of grey silk toning into pink, wearing hat to match and carrying a bridal bouquet of Cecile Bruner roses and maidenhair fern. Miss De Etta Hitchcock assisted Miss Kellner as maid of honor, wearing a gown of blue taffeta silk. Mr. Wilbur Beckett served his brother as best man. Following the ceremony at the church a wedding breakfast was given at the home of the bride's parents for the immediate family. The home was artistically decorated in a color scheme of pink and green. Mr. and Mrs. Beckett left for a brief wedding trip and upon their return they will be at home to their friends in the pretty bungalow at 5046 Maplewood avenue, which was a wedding gift to the young couple from Dr. and Mrs. Beckett.

Interesting news to a wide circle of friends is the announcement made of the betrothal of Miss Irene Mersereau of 449 North Madison avenue, Pasadena, to Mr. Robert W. Pindexter, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Pindexter of 354 South Normandie avenue. The announcement comes as a pleasant surprise to the many friends of the young couple, both of whom are popular in the society circles of Los Angeles and Pasadena. Miss Mersereau is a graduate of the Pasadena High School and Stanford University. She is a state officer in the D. A. R. Mr. Pindexter, who is also a graduate of Stanford, took his Ph. D. degree in chemistry at the University of Berlin. His business affiliations are in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Eugene A. Hawkins of 601 Kingsley drive entertained with a delightful springtime party yesterday, inviting her guests to luncheon, and for the afternoon provided auction bridge as a pleasing pastime. Sweet peas in varied colors were used in decorating the table and rooms. Mrs. H. A. Landes assisted her daughter, Mrs. Hawkins, in entertaining. The guests who enjoyed this occasion were Mrs. R. P. McJohnston, Mrs. J. P. Dupuy, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. W. T. Johnston, Mrs. Wheaton A. Gray, Mrs. W. F. Staunton, Mrs. John C. McCoy, Mrs. A. J. Chandler, Mrs. William Lewis, Mrs. Gail B. Johnson, Mrs. E. W. Britt, Mrs. Lawrence Burck, Mrs. Frank E. Walsh, Mrs. Eugene Smith, Mrs. William C. Read, Mrs. Oscar May Souden, Mrs. C. L. Wallis, Miss Ethelyn Wallis, Miss Carrie Waddilove and Miss Harvie Wallis.

Mrs. James P. Burns of 3538 Wilshire boulevard, who has been giving a series of parties for her friends and visiting guests, was hostess yesterday

at another charming affair, entertaining with an auction bridge luncheon. For this occasion baskets of dainty Cecile Bruner roses combined with greenery effectively decorated the small tables at which luncheon was served. Mrs. Burns' guests at this party were Mrs. Gilbert King, Mrs. David Peacock, Mrs. John W. Wilson, Mrs. George S. Safford, Mrs. Ira W. Shirley, Mrs. Edward D. Judson, Mrs. Edwin A. Meserve, Mrs. Alice Jackins, Mrs. Herman F. Vollmer, Mrs. Paul A. English, Mrs. Clarence A. English, Mrs. Willis G. Hunt, Mrs. Milo A. Baker, Mrs. William K. Reese, Mrs. William Rhodes Hervey, Mrs. John K. Wilson, Mrs. Lewis Tayler Ely, Mrs. Secundo Guasti, Mrs. E. P. Wood and Mrs. George Thomas Johnston.

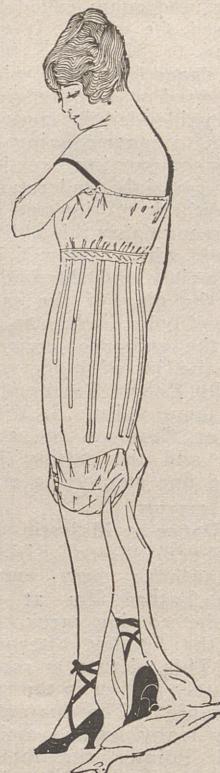
Congratulations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. William W. Widenham upon the advent of a baby daughter who made her debut into the home April 13. Margaret Virginia is the name which has been bestowed upon the baby. Mrs. Widenham before her marriage was Miss Grace Whitley. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Whitley of Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Kemp of 2115 Hobart boulevard have as their house guest, Mrs. Charles T. Whitney of Portland. Mrs. Whitney formerly lived in Los Angeles and is being warmly welcomed by her many friends, who are planning much in the way of entertainment for her while visiting here. One of the first to honor this charming visitor was Mrs. B. V. Collins of Shatto street who took Mrs. Whitney and her hostess for a motor trip to Riverside last Monday. Luncheon was enjoyed in the patio at Mission Inn, after which the party went for a sightseeing trip to Redlands and other points of interest thereabouts. Later they returned to the city and were entertained at dinner at the Alexandria.

Of special interest to the society folk of the city was the announcement of the marriage of Miss Helen Brant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Brant and Mr. Harold Bayly, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Warden Bayly of West Twenty-eighth street. The wedding was extremely simple in its appointments, and took place at the home of the bride's parents on South Figueroa street. Both Mr. Bayly and his bride are popular with the social set here and it will be pleasing to their friends to know they will make their home in this city.

Particularly interesting to the younger social set in Hollywood was the wedding Wednesday evening of Miss Eulalie Grasse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Grasse, and Mr. Clinton William Evans of Pomona, which took place at the home of the bride's parents, 7102 Hollywood boulevard, the Rev. E. P. Ryland performing the ceremony. The handsome home was a-bloom throughout, with pink roses, enchantress carnations and ferns. In the living room, where the marriage service was read, an altar was built of exquisite blossoms and bows of tulle. An orchestra rendered the wedding marches and preceding the ceremony "A Perfect Day," and "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms" were sung by Miss Susan Darlington Pierce. The bride

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wore a handsome gown of white satin with short skirt, her court train being hung from a Queen Elizabeth collar of pearls. Her veil was held in place by a crown of orange blossoms and she carried an arm shower of lilies of the valley and bride's roses. Miss Lillian Grasse assisted her sister as maid of honor and wore a dainty gown of pink taffeta cut after the fashion of 1865, and carried a bouquet of pink Killarney roses and maidenhair. The bridesmaids, Miss Aileen Evans and Miss Irene Combe, were attired in dainty gowns of a paler shade of pink taffeta and carried baskets filled with September morn rosebuds. Little Virginia Klarquist, in her filmy frock of white chiffon scattered rose petals in the path of the bride and Master Eugene Chappella carried a white satin pillow, lace ruffled, upon which rested the ring. Mr. Springer Evans, brother of the groom, served as best man. The dining room, where the wedding supper was served, was attractively decorated with Cecile Bruner roses, ferns and tulle. Mr. and Mrs. Evans after a brief wedding trip will make their home at 658 Columbia avenue, Pomona.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark of West Adams street left a few days ago for Butte, Mont., where they will visit for several weeks with Mrs. Zenos Evans, mother of Mrs. Clark.

Mrs. S. W. Garretson of 1728 McCadden place entertained with one of the most delightful affairs of the week, giving an auction tea Thursday, to fifty or more friends in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. R. C. Washburn of New York, who is her house guest. Spanish iris and Scotch broom gave the note of springtime to the decorations of the prettily laid small tables. Emphasizing the color

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scheme of gold and green, the score cards were adorned with butterflies done in the same tones. Prizes were awarded for the highest score made at each table.

Especially attractive was the pretty home wedding of last Monday when Miss Helen Marguerite, daughter of Mrs. Lillian Allard Ward of 653 South Burlington avenue, became the bride of Mr. Hamilton Watson Barnard of Oakland, popular young clubman in the northern city. Before an improvised altar of pink roses and greenery the marriage vows were plighted, Rev. Henry K. Booth of Long Beach officiating. The ceremony was witnessed by about twenty close friends and relatives. The bride was attired in her going-away gown of blue silk and wore a corsage of red roses. Mr. and Mrs. Barnard will pass their honeymoon in San Diego, later going to Oakland, where Mr. Barnard is in business.

In the presence of a large number of friends and relatives the marriage of Miss Gladys Bovard, attractive daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George F. Bovard of West Thirty-fourth street, to Mr. Charles Warren Swiggett, was solemnized last evening in the University Methodist church on West Jefferson street, the bride's father, Dr. George F. Bovard, president of the University of Southern California performing the ceremony, assisted by Dr. E. A. Healy. The church was artistically decorated with trailing vines of greenery combined with pink carnations, and a filmy gateway of pink tulle adorned with clusters of pink blossoms was opened by the bridesmaids on one side and by the groomsmen on the other. Through this the bride, leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. Warren Bovard, passed to meet the bridegroom at the altar. The bride wore an exquisite gown of white duchesse satin, elaborately trimmed with chantilly lace and made with court train. Her veil of tulle, which has done service in the family at other like events, was caught to the head with sprays of orange blossoms. Lilies of the valley and bride roses formed the bridal bouquet. Miss Edna Bovard, wearing a gown of white taffeta with over-drape of pink chiffon and a halo hat of white maline and carrying an arm bouquet of Cecile Bruner roses and maidenhair, assisted her sister as maid of honor. The bridesmaids, two attired in sea green taffeta, wearing hats of the same shade, and two in pink taffeta wearing halo hats to match their gowns, each carrying an arm bouquet of pink carnations, were Miss Ada Parrish, Miss Gertrude Bradlev, Miss Queen Masters and Miss Elsie Thorn. Dr. Homer C. Humes served Mr. Swiggett as best man. The ushers, Mr. Harold Hickox, Mr. Glen Brace, Mr. Albert Muck and Mr. Wilson Gibbs are fraternity brothers of the bridegroom. Following the ceremony at the church, a wedding supper was served at the home of the bride's parents for the bridal party and immediate family. Here the decorations were in roses and greenery, quantities of the flowers being used. The bridal table was centered with a mound of Cecile Bruner roses and maidenhair, while bows of pink tulle were festooned here and there. A large wedding cake was placed amidst the mound of roses. After a brief wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Swiggett will return to this city where they are to make their home.

Miss Helen Holmes, daughter of Mrs. Josephine Frances Holmes of Cordova street, whose engagement to Mr. Austin C. Whidden of Portland was recently announced, has chosen Thursday, April 29, for her wedding day. The ceremony will take place

at high noon in the family home, with only relatives and intimate friends present. Miss Dorothy Trask, cousin of the bride-elect, will be the maid of honor. A number of affairs will be given for Miss Holmes, among them being the dancing party which Mrs. Josephine Roberts of Scarff street is giving this afternoon.

Announcement of the marriage of Miss Doria Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Simpson of New York to Mr. Lawrence Berger, which occurred the latter part of January, came as a great surprise to the many friends of the attractive young bride and her mother here. Mrs. Simpson and her daughter have passed a winter or two in Los Angeles, living at the Darby. They have a host of friends who will be interested in the news. Mr. and Mrs. Berger are in Tampa, Fla.

One of the attractive weddings of the week was that of Miss Helen Montague and Mr. Otis V. Collin of San Francisco, which took place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. Z. Osborne, Jr., in Leeward avenue, the service being read in the presence of relatives and intimate friends, by the Rev. George Davidson of St. John's church. In the living room where the ceremony took place, Easter lilies and ferns were used, while in the dining room pink roses with lilies of the valley and white tulle ribbons adorned the table. The bride, who was given away by Mr. Osborne, was attired in a gown of white liberty satin, Venetian point lace forming the bodice, with trimmings of pearls and orange blossoms. The tulle veil was caught into a cap and held in place by clusters of the same blossoms. Her bouquet was orchids and lilies of the valley and her only ornament, the gift of the bridegroom, was a diamond lavalliere. Mrs. John D. Rutledge of San Francisco and Mrs. Stanley Guthrie, attended the bride as matrons of honor, both wearing pretty gowns of pale rose taffeta, fashioned with high waists and full skirts, carrying bouquets of Cecile Bruner roses and ferns. Mr. Murray McEwen of San Francisco served Mr. Collin as best man. After a short honeymoon Mr. Collin will take his bride to San Francisco, where after June 1 they will be at home to their friends.

Mrs. M. Clarence Mattison of Illinois was the guest of honor at a smart luncheon given Monday by Mrs. Stanley Anderson at Beverly Hills hotel. The table, with places for twelve, was unusually attractive with its floral arrangement of roses forming an old-fashioned nosegay. Following luncheon cards were enjoyed. Besides the guest of honor there were present Mrs. W. H. Thomas, Mrs. James E. Woolwine, Mrs. Charles Harper, Mrs. Benjamin L. Harding, Mrs. James R. Pitcher, Mrs. R. M. Bishop, Mrs. Harry Dana Lombard, Miss Barbara Allen, Miss Florence Clark and Miss Dorothy Mill. Mrs. Mattinson before her marriage was Miss Ruth Anderson and her return is a delightful event for her many friends.

Mrs. Benjamin L. Harding and her daughter, Mrs. James E. Woolwine, entertained with a luncheon Tuesday at the Beverly Hills hotel, in compliment to Mrs. Albert Baird Cummins, wife of Senator Cummins of Iowa. Spring flowers and ferns were attractively used in the table decorations. The guests were all old-time friends of the hostesses and formerly resided in Des Moines, Iowa. They were Mrs. Robert Fullerton and Miss Katherine Fullerton, Mrs. Charles Hewitt and daughter, Miss Margaret Hewitt, Mrs. E. C. Finkbine, Mrs. W. L. Brown, Mrs. S. H. Field, who still live in Des Moines and are visiting



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here, Mrs. George Curtis of Clinton, Iowa, Mrs. H. L. Swords of New York, and Mrs. Charles C. Nourse and her daughter, Mrs. Louis Cass of Los Angeles.

Perfect in every appointment was the bridge luncheon given by Mrs. Wheaton A. Gray of Kingsley drive last Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Eugene W. Britt. The tables were most attractively decorated with golden roses and ferns. The guests were Mrs. Eugene W. Britt, Mrs. Alexander B. Barrett, Mrs. Walter Miller Thompson, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. David Barnore, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mrs. W. J. Hunsaker, Mrs. William Brill, Mrs. A. J. Chandler, Mrs. Paul A. English, Mrs. John L. Garner, Mrs. William Thomas Johnston, Mrs. Eugene E. Smith, Mrs. Robert P. McJohnston, Mrs. Eugene A. Hawkins, Mrs. W. D. Woolwine, Mrs. William F. Stanton and Miss Carrie Waddilove.

Mrs. Judson C. Rives of 1130 Westchester place entertained with a charming luncheon yesterday in compliment to her house guests, Mrs. John Croft and daughters, Miss Evelyn and Miss Esther Croft of Camden, N. J., and Mrs. William Alfred Crenshaw, who is a popular visitor here. Pink roses were effectively used in decorating the table and besides the guests of honor, places were set for Mrs. S. M. Warner, Mrs. J. V. Calhoun, Mrs. Mary Armstrong, Mrs. Leon Moss, Miss Dorothy Armstrong, Miss Moss and Miss Warner. Mrs. Rives is planning several other social affairs in compliment to her guests.

Mrs. Howard Huntington entertained delightfully Thursday at her home, Oak Knoll, with a luncheon in honor of Mrs. George S. Patton, Jr., and the latter's sister, Miss Katherine Ayer. Places were set for twelve guests. Mrs. Patton and her sister who have been passing the winter in Southern California are returning the first of next month to their eastern home, Pride Crossing, near Boston.

Mrs. Irwin F. Herron of 2627 Orchard avenue entertained a few friends informally, Monday, with a bridge luncheon. Red roses with ferns prettily adorned the table and the guests included Mrs. M. S. Hellman, Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Mrs. Dan McFarland, Mrs. Jaro von Schmidt, Mrs. of Miss Leila Ione Webster, daughter of Mrs. Nettie Webster and the late Mr. C. Webster, to Dr. Peter Olin Sundin, was announced. After a delightful musical program participated

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in by Miss Webster, the guests were taken into the dining room which was artistically decorated with pink and white spring flowers. At each place was a tiny leather music roll which when unfolded, divulged the news. That the wedding will be a June affair was suggested by the music in the roll which was entitled, "A Love Knot Reverie," music by "Eros" and below written in golden ink the words "In press, New June Wedding March, music by Hymen." Miss Webster and Dr. Sundin are graduates of the University of Southern California, where their romance began.

Miss Viola L. Foley of 751 Catalina street entertained a few days ago with a prettily-appointed tea and musicale, at which time the engagement W. T. Bishop, Mrs. J. T. Stewart and Mrs. Richard Bishop.

Of much interest to local society was news of the marriage of Mrs. Helen Henderson Steckel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Henderson, and Dr. Frederic B. West which occurred Saturday, April 17. Mrs. Steckel and Dr. West, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Morlan, motored to Riverside early Saturday afternoon and the ceremony was performed at the Congregationalist parsonage by Rev. Horace Potter. A wedding supper was enjoyed at the Mission Inn and after a few days' motoring about the country Dr. and Mrs. West have returned to Los Angeles and have taken apartments at the Engstrum where they will make their home for the present.



By Beatic de Lack Krombach

"CITY Beautiful, Los Angeles," a little while since loomed up only in the perspective. It has now assumed a middle distance view and will soon be part of the foreground, and the central thought of our development. People are thinking along these lines and are unfolding plans, which, if properly encouraged, will heighten the possibilities of our dreams coming true. Frank Lloyd Wright, Jr., is one of the thinkers. Mr. Wright is the son of Frank Lloyd Wright, the well known Chicago architect who was the spirit back of that distinctive type of structural development which has spread its influence over the Middle West and has been recognized by Germany and Japan. He himself is a landscape architect now located here and from long association with his father has acquired vast knowledge concerning the elements which make for completeness in city planning. His logic is demonstrated in the following, which he stated upon being asked regarding our future city: "The next serious undertaking which the city will attempt, now that the water system and the harbor are acknowledged facts, is the development of the city plan.

"To do this properly a comprehensive survey of the traffic problems, the physical geography and the populated areas and movements must be made. Then, and then only can you proceed without confusion in a sane and economic way to develop an ideal plan. The following suggestions may be adaptable: Have your civic center as a nucleus from which to ramify the whole network of traffic streets, boulevards and parks. There are two coasts to consider, to and from which the tide of humanity flows to seek outlet in amusement and commerce.

Week April 24 to 30
Benjamin Chambers Brown—new landscapes—Museum Art Gallery.

Japanese Prints—a loan (Public Library)—Museum Art Gallery. Helen Clark Chandler—oils, water-colors and monotypes—State Normal School.

Nell Brooker Mayhew, Dell Meadows and Harriet Sherrill—canvases—Blanchard Art Gallery.

Frank W. Cuprien—new marines—Kanst Art Gallery, 854 South Hill.

Marco Zim—landscapes, marines and figure studies—Royer Gallery, South Hill.

Esther Hunt—Chinese Children—Bentz Art Shop, 213 West Fourth.

E. Ten Eyck and Vit Guacciamann—Monks in water color—A. A. Byrens, 836 South Broadway. Montalboddi's—Water colors and dry points—Devenish Art Club. Title Guarantee Building. Modern landscapes and old masters—Raymond Gould shop, 324 West Fifth.

Early Spanish masters—Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe, 614 West Sixth.

Cordova hand-tooled leather—F. H. Taber, 414 South Spring. Winsor & Newton colors—Duncan Vail Co., 730-32 South Hill.

Art in Home Photography—E. Martin Webb, 706 Majestic Theater Building.

Max Weizorek—portraits and landscapes—Mabel Watson Studio, 249 East Colorado, Pasadena.

Hamilton A. Wolf—Portraits and allegorical compositions—Shakespeare Clubhouse, Pasadena.

Henry Wolf—wood engravings—O'Hara & Livermore, 253 East Colorado, Pasadena.

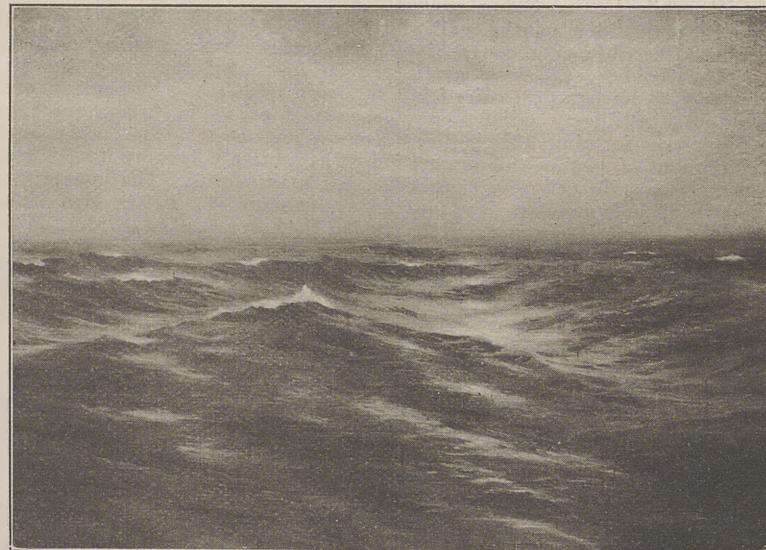
Guy Rose, Warren Rollins and Didier Pele at Leta Horlocker Studio, Alhambra.

Therefore, there must be two principal boulevards, these to join and draw the traffic to the center of the city and its heart, which is the civic center. It would be well for the citizens first to consider these three important phases of the city plan, they would form an excellent base upon which a city beautiful could be constructed; the physical formation is such as to afford every opportunity for developing these three features. The two grand boulevards connecting the water approaches and pleasure beaches with the city could be made broad highways lined with trees and park areas; these uninterrupted highways to lead straight to the heart of the city and from there a noble view of the city's civic center could be obtained, for, at the head of these grand boulevards, at the point at which they converge, vistas composed of double alleys of trees, grass parterres and

his work. Mr. Cuprien has painted the sea for many years. He has painted it on the Atlantic coast and in many of the garden sea places abroad. His canvases hang in important galleries all over the world. Now that he has his wonderful new studio at Laguna Beach, he paints there and is rapidly becoming one of the best interpreters of this aspect of our elements. He feels keenly the advantages this studio, built on hardy Norse lines, affords him. His large window overlooks the coast from San Juan Point to Abalon Hill, a stretch of about fifteen miles. Its picturesque position, for it has been built on a ledge of rocks, also gives him fine avenues of perspective. In the interior it is fashioned on big lines; has a huge mantel with side lockers for stretchers and canvases and a fine, equalized light which is the result of top and side lighting. This enables him to paint studio canvases and give them the effect of out-of-door treatment. Several to be seen in his present exhibition at Kanst's on South Hill street have been executed in this room.

* * *

Another feature is the wall which he has built about the studio and finished as in a gallery. Here he may view his own canvases and get their proper effect, an advantage few studios possess. Of his "Reclining



"EVENING'S GRAY MANTEL," BY FRANK WILLIAM CUPRIEN

flowers would lead to the buildings of the civic center. They would rise at the head of this magnificent system on the present hill site, which the city fathers with great foresight have preserved for this purpose.

"This civic center crowning the hill would overlook the city which spreads in a broad, fanlike mosaic at its feet. The civic group could consist of a library, huge public auditorium, galleries and an institute of art, all to be surrounded by botanical gardens and an open air concert amphitheater which might be terraced in the manner of the hanging gardens of Babylon. Many of the native trees, shrubs and vines, including those exotics which have become characteristic features of our landscape could be introduced to enrich and harmonize the architectural features. Waterfalls and pools could be used in the landscape scheme in an unusually interesting manner. Such water courses would carry the life-giving fluid which has built up this arid country and could by the art of the sculptor and architect become fitting monuments to the service this element has rendered. Thus might be created a civic center worthy of the future development of our city."

Mr. Cuprien tells the following: "I was sleeping in the studio. The moon's rays were so penetrating that they awakened me. I found the scene beautiful, and though it was only 4 a. m., 5 decided to perpetuate it on canvas. I did this all from my studio window." Perhaps, that is why many will criticize this picture. For few of us have seen the sea in just such a mood. Shawl waves lap one upon another as though they were heaping caresses to keep warm. The purple pink tones of dawn are everywhere and the reflected lights through the waves add an indescribable charm to the color of the sand and fluid. Another canvas which he painted looking down from the cliffs is "Sunlit Sea." The aftermath of a rough sea is interpreted, and though the elements have stopped their surging swish the storm has not altogether abated. Sunlight aerates the clarity of the wave. The texture quality and modelling of the rocks is unusually good.

* * *

Mr. Cuprien has caught the mood of the sea and combined with his emotion the treatment of the over-dip toss of the foam-crested waves. He has created a spirited canvas both as to color and technical values. "A Freshening Breeze," painted at Arch Beach and looking over toward Coryall Point has the tinge of early morning in its conception. High, trough-like

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slants of water blend between the backwater and the wave. I like this composition particularly well as it shows the big things this artist may yet do. A mood of late afternoon on a summer's day as it is conceived at Arch Beach is "When Day is Ending." The sun is setting against a fog bank which silhouettes the sky. A phantom ship rides abreast the horizon line. It is springtime and the sea is deep and heavy as you note it in our illustration. This canvas is most freely and directly handled. The modelling of the waves gives great depth and fine atmospheric qualities. These canvases are the best we have seen from Mr. Cuprien's brush. They remain on exhibition until May 6.

* * *

The special exhibition for next week at Exposition Park is that of Benjamin Chambers Brown who needs little introduction to readers of The Graphic. These eighteen canvases are new interpretations of familiar places, and reveal this artist in another mood. Most indicative of this advance is his "After the Rain, Autumn." It is superior both as to composition and treatment and is developed in a low tone key of soft grays, browns and blues. Its sister canvas "Golden Autumn" while attuned by the same element is more impressionistic and aerates the subtleties of this season. Another mood in this calendar of moods is "The Giant, Grey Pines of Monterey." Fine, silvery feeling, created by pure unbroken color, makes for the atmospheric values in this canvas. "Moonlight in Santa Barbara" is also individual. A wraith-like company of shadows play their way across the foreground and the old mission silhouettes the sky. Very impressionistic and atmospheric is "Hazy Morning," a mood in the past tense of color. His large canvas, "Western Shore," affords us the opportunity of looking out toward the sea from the coast range. It is splendidly handled and will make a fine addition to a collection.

* * *

Those American oils which Curator Maxwell gathered while in the north will be hung at the gallery about May 10. The ones to be represented are Adams E. Albert, George Bellows, Frank Bichnell, William M. Chase, Colin Campbell Cooper, Paul Conyer, Irving Couse, Paul Dougherty, Edward Dufner, Charles Warren Eaton, Daniel Garber, Phillip L. Hale, Birge Harrison, Charles W. Hawthorne, Robert Henri, Frank Rehn, Jr., George H. Smiley, Jonas Lie, Carl J. Nordell, William Sartain, R. M. Shurtleff, Robert Spencer, Gardner Symons, Clark G. Vorhess and Fred Waugh.

* * *

For the first two weeks of May the desert landscapes and still life studies of Jack Stark will form the especial exhibition at Exposition Park, and in the latter two weeks Armon Hansen of San Francisco will exhibit his figure compositions and marines. In May, also, Clark Hobart will show his color monotypes executed with the atmosphere one finds in the work of Watteau and Montecelli, and Seymour Hayden his etchings.

* * *

There is novelty in the combined exhibit of Nell Brooker Mayhew, Dell Meadows and Harriet Sherrill at Blanchard Art Gallery. What most impresses one is the fact that all the work is uniform in character though that of Dell Meadow stands out with particular emphasis. Her "Impressions of Chase" are put on rather thick, and distance lends enchantment. Considered as a whole, however, it is a splendid portrayal, most life-like in expression and has all the earmarks of the artist. Another good story-telling canvas is her "At Grandpa's." It has fine composition, excellent modeling and vital, vivid color to commend it. Her "Municipal Market," "Early Morning, San Pedro,"

and "Chinatown" are splendid interpretations.

* * *

Of Nell Brooker Mayhew's canvases I liked "Winter Sycamores." The blue, cloud-hung sky, the picturesque trees, all are rendered in a big fine way, and show this artist's future possibilities better than any canvases heretofore seen from her brush. Depth and fine feeling are also represented in her "The Purple Arabesque" and an over the housetop perspective "The Bloom of Evening" has good lines of drawing, landscape and snow capped hills.

* * *

Portraits and figure studies of Harriet Sherill are direct and show story telling power. Her "Little Mary Jane" is pensively interpreted. Sunlight touches illuminate the little face and the planes of value in the flesh modeling are good. The color is bright and crisp and flows with ease and harmony. "Isabel W." is gay in tone and has distinctive qualities. "Charles," treated with fine technical values does not appear as dry as might be expected from the handling, and her three water colors are also interesting. "Grandma" is well posed, "The Babe" has good points in the simple method of depiction, while her self transcript shows excellent character handling.

* * *

For the next two weeks Marco Zim is showing twenty new canvases at Royer's on South Hill street. In these one notes a delicate touch of interpretation. Mr. Zim seems to have lost the crude edges of his lines and masses. There is also finer blending of colors and better drawing. I am told that most of these canvases are sketches, yet they are far superior to any canvas work we have seen from the brush of this artist. "Rocky Mountain" is particularly well developed both as to color and modeling. It has sunlight and air qualities and the color is crisp and luminous. This canvas is most decorative. "Lone Oak" is a sombre mood, has a well-modeled tree and fine lines of detail. Another in a low key is "Evening." The darkening day interpreted in the overcast sky has depth in its story-telling values. A sloping hill view of Santa Barbara has much subtlety in its play of light and shade. Its color effect is mosaic and the modeling has been well studied. It has received broad handling and sings well together. Of his marine transcripts "The Wave" has fine action and movement and there is a vital quality in the treatment of the pigment which is loosely and broadly handled.

* * *

Those studies of Chinese children which grace the window at the Bentz shop on West Fourth street are vital concepts expressed by the well known depicter of these subjects, Esther Hunt. Miss Hunt's Chinese have all the earmarks of the race and present to us the feeling and spirit of these people. "Sacred Lilies," a brilliant color scheme, represents a maiden placing Chinese lilies in the Joss house at the New Year. Another of a boy lighting the red Chinese lantern which is lettered with the "good fortune" motto is likewise unique, as is also the tiny fellow and his balloon. I am told that balloons such as these were used thousands of years ago in China. "The Chinese Maid," "Girl With Cat" and "Charming Fan" complete the list at present exhibited. It may be interesting to add that prominent collectors own these studies of Miss Hunt's, and that Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is one of her more recent patrons.

* * *

Louis Kronberg, that well-known interpreter of interiors, stage transcripts and individual portrait studies is to hold an exhibition of twenty-six of his canvases at the Kast Art Gallery from May 7 to May 22. Included among these will be "Ballet in Pink,"



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Books

NOT because another book on the Missions is needed, although one is surely timely, this spring, but for the unique treatment of a subject that is perennially interesting, do we most joyously welcome "The California Padres and Their Missions," by Charles Francis Saunders, and J. Smeaton Chase, two authors whose other books have won a place in California's heart. Mr. Chase wrote "California Coast Trails," and "Yosemite Trails," while Mr. Saunders wrote "Under the Sky in California" and "With the Flowers and Trees of California."

Their new work could hardly help being written from the traveler's rather than the historian's point of view, and it is more successful on that account, for the observations and discoveries of old buildings, old people, and old stories, are just the ones which we would be likely to make if we were only gifted with the happy faculty which the authors have for finding the romantic and out-of-the-way things. It is really a personal, chatty narrative of tramps and visits to and through each of the missions, and of interviews with their people, all presented in a happy, charming style.

In this respect it is entirely different from the two important books by Mr. George Wharton James. These were primarily books of facts, and Mr. James could not attempt much in the way of descriptive interpretation when he was aiming to present innumerable details. The new book is just as valuable, historically, for it is full of narratives, legends and records of the padres, the Indians and the Mexicans, and these deserve to be carefully kept. Many are the gossipy recollections of the rare old natives whom the authors discovered. No other book gives so much about the padres themselves, who started and tenderly watched and guarded these outposts of civilization. The chapters are full of reverence and sympathy for the workers of the churches even when they tell humorously of their little weaknesses and vanities, as in the story of "Padre Urbano's Umbrella," which a neophyte ran away with thinking it would be his stock-in-trade as a medicine man. Each chapter describes a mission, and half of each chapter is a delightful story, sometimes entirely true, at times only a little bit true, of the life and legends, the spirit and atmosphere of the mission.

It is a book that gives real pleasure and satisfaction. More illustrations, especially from photographs, would have added to its value, and one looks in vain for pictures of any of the padres themselves. The pen-and-ink drawings, however, and the excellent colored frontispiece of "The San Carlos Mission at the Height of Its Activity," are in keeping with the romantic treatment of the subject. ("The Franciscan Padres." By J. Smeaton Chase and Charles Francis Saunders. Houghton, Mifflin Co. Bullock's.)

J. L. W.

Cadet of Belgium

In former days the smoke of battle was scarcely cleared away before stories were written about it, but in these strenuous times stories and romances are already appearing founded on the great struggle while the battle still is raging. "A Cadet of Belgium" covers that period from the German invasion of Belgium to the fall of

Antwerp. In the narrative the author has made two clever youths, an American and a Belgian, responsible for what successes the Belgian arms achieved to that time. Jack Morton is attending school in Liege with his chum Raoul Heilleprin. They belong to a Boy Scout band called the "Gray Wolf Patrol," but being too young to enlist offer their services as messengers, with their motorcycles. The feats of daring they perform and the thrilling, hair-breadth escapes they have from the enemy will delight the boy reader. They are head and front in almost every engagement, at Liege, Louvain and Brussels. At first, they receive orders from the adjutant, then from the general, but finally from King Albert himself, with no intermediary. Jack is wounded while he and Raoul are blowing up a bridge. King Albert pins military medals on them and they are invalided to the rear, but we shall hear more from them before the war is over. ("A Cadet of Belgium." By Captain Allan Grant. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

"My Life Out of Prison"

Living as we do in a day when reform is rampant throughout the land and the voice of the reformer is heard shouting aloud in the wilderness, books upon the treatment of malefactors inside and out of the penitentiary find a great popular appeal and enjoy wide circulation. One book of this character, "My Life Out of Prison" by Donald Lowrie, has just been published by Mitchell Kennerley, and as it is the sequel to "My Life in Prison," which created such a sensation, doubtless it will be extensively read and widely discussed. So much has been said and written of late concerning the world's attitude toward the man who has "done time" behind prison walls, that the words of one who has been through the experience, who knows, first-hand, how the former convict is received in society, should prove extremely interesting and helpful.

Like so many reformers, Mr. Lowrie falls into the error of being destructive rather than constructive and so his book is not so beneficial to the cause as it might be. He shows grievous faults in the present treatment of the man who has been punished for his errors, but he is not so clear and particular in suggesting remedies for the evils. He is like a doctor who comes in and shows a patient where previous medicine has been at fault, but offers no satisfactory regime as a substitute. In short, Mr. Lowrie either has no philosophy of the subject clearly defined in his own mind, or, if he has, he fails to articulate it satisfactorily in his book.

Though this fault militates against the success of "My Life Out of Prison," there is a vast amount of good material in its pages. Mr. Lowrie is a forceful, entertaining writer and his sincerity is apparent throughout. He relates numerous episodes, shows the life of many former convicts, and tells what grievous handicaps thwart the efforts of these men to regain honorable places in society. At times, he wanders somewhat from his subject itself, but all these meanderings are interesting inasmuch as they show the reactions on the mind of the released prisoner by those trivial things of every-day life which the man who has

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not been incarcerated takes as matters-of-course. ("My Life Out of Prison." By Donald Lowrie. Mitchell Kennerley. Bullock's.)

"House of the Dead"

It is a far-cry from San Quentin today to Siberian prisons of the middle of the last century and from the rather breezy style of Mr. Lowrie to the unalleviated gloom of Fyodor Dostoevsky, yet a new translation of "The House of the Dead," for which the Macmillan Company is sponsor, is an interesting contrast to "My Life Out of Prison." While the American who has served time can laugh at the same things which inspire mirth in the ordinary individual, imprisonment and misfortune inspire the Russian temperament with savage misanthropy. The bitter hatred of the Siberian exile, not only for his jailers, but also for his fellow sufferers, is an interesting psychological reaction when contrasted with the point of view exhibited by Mr. Lowrie. Dostoevsky's books are too well known to need rehearsal here. Numerous translations have been made, yet there must be a demand for a new one or a firm of Macmillan's standing would not have undertaken a new rendering of the complete works. Being entirely ignorant of the Russian language, I cannot say how well this one is done; all I can say is that the English is good and the spirit of the original seems to be retained. ("The House of the Dead." By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Company. Bullock's.)

J. G. R.

Notes from Bookland

Putnams have in train for publication the "Welsh Poems and Ballads" of George Borrow. George Borrow was not only a stout Celtophile but much inclined, early and late, to be a Welsh idolator. He translated into English verse many of the Welsh bards and rhymes, and gave a flavor of his own to whatever he touched. Not a few of the poems in the present collection are from the Borrow MSS. The more important groups or individual poems are prefaced by brief sketches devoted to the bards who produced them. Ernest Rhys contributes an introduction to the volume.

Norman Angell, author of The Great Illusion and Arms and Industry, is a recent arrival in New York. He expects to remain several months in America lecturing before Chautauqua and other associations. In June he will conduct a course at the Cornell summer school.

In "Vanishing Roads and other Essays," which the Putnams will publish late in April, Richard Le Gallienne, author of "Prose Fancies" and "The Quest of the Golden Girl," discloses fresh and unacknowledged viewpoints while writing of familiar things.

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will delight you as no stories have in years. The spirit of the East, the glamour and mystery of the Orient fairly radiate from every line of these wonderfully fascinating yarns. They are breathlessly thrilling, weird, dramatic. Every fiction lover will recognize in them the touch of a master story teller.

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The book is full of keen comments on contemporary ideals and misconceptions, but embraces much, too, that transcends the present and includes the past. There are essays vital to the lover of nature, and essays of assured appeal to the student of manners and of men.

Dr. J. M. Farquhar, author of "Religious Movements in India," was for eleven years professor in a missionary college in Calcutta and for five years Association Secretary among educated non-Christians in India. For several years he has spent his summers in England or the United States.

Rossiter Back at His Old Stand

In Los Angeles the sole place where one may purchase the natty "Knox" woman's tailored hat is at Rossiter's. He is back at the old corner, Seventh street West, in the Lankershim Hotel corner. There he is showing the latest in street and dress bonnets, and other caput creations.

Week's News in Perspective

Thursday, April 15

WAR NEWS: Zeppelin airship raid over the English Tyne district *** Failure of the Russians to get through the Carpathian passes *** Gen. French reports on the Neuve Chapelle battle.

GENERAL: Thirteen people killed and twenty-seven injured in a street car collision in Detroit *** Telegraphers testify conditions in the Western Union and Postal companies are not satisfactory *** Arrangements have been made in Washington with the British government for two cargoes of dyes to be shipped to this country from Germany *** Diver Crilly of the United States navy broke the world's record for deep sea diving in going down to locate submarine F-4 *** Shelling continues at Matamoros, but little damage reported by either side *** Reports are current that Villa has extricated himself from his difficult position.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: The heads of the Magdalena Bay Company start to secure a government investigation of Japanese activities in Lower California *** Another grand juror declares he was paid money by conspirators attacking the character of Chief Sebastian *** One hundred representative Angelinos left to celebrate Los Angeles day at the Panama-Pacific Exposition today *** Federal government business, except the postoffice halted today in recognition of the fiftieth anniversary of Lincoln's death.

Friday, April 16

WAR NEWS: Another airship raid off the east coast of England *** Excitement in Holland over the destruction of the Holland steamship Katwyk *** The deadlock in the Carpathians *** The same condition also prevails in the Western theater of the war.

GENERAL: Argentine battleship Moreno went aground again in the Delaware river *** Ex-President Taft says waste is the growing danger of the country *** Washington officials are much gratified at the prospect of having Alaska coal for the navy *** One line now fast about the sunken submarine F-4 off Honolulu harbor *** Huerta in interview in New York declared he did not kill Madero *** Obregon reports Villa's losses at Celaya were 11,000 men.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: A military watcher at Lincoln's bier honored the martyred President's memory on fiftieth anniversary of his death *** A prominent banker said the state administration was largely responsible for the recent business depression *** The supreme court began giving judgments from the bench, an innovation which means much for legal expedition.

Saturday, April 17

WAR NEWS: Air raids over England, Germany and France *** French artillery and infantry fighting in France, the Carpathians and parts of Russian Poland *** Attack of Russian warships on Turkish merchant ships.

GENERAL: Former Senator Nelson Aldrich of Rhode Island dies in New York; will be buried in Providence tomorrow *** Dr. Frank Goodnow, American adviser to the Chinese government, is to sail for the Orient in June *** Seventy-five thousand men are idle in Chicago because of the lockout and strike *** Reports were received in Washington that the Villa Mexican faction will investigate the Japanese operations at Turtle bay ***

Navy department lets contract for three aeroplanes with a speed of eighty miles an hour *** Japanese at Turtle bay being investigated by government.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: The ballot for municipal primary, with 165 candidates for thirty-five jobs, and two annexation proposals arranged *** Forty-five of Australia's brightest boys are to study us, and arrive today *** A woman co-defendant with the chief of police in a criminal action was rearrested and her bail increased *** An appropriation of \$200,000 is practically assured for the building of a highway in Imperial valley.

Sunday, April 18

WAR NEWS: Austria calls on her untrained Landstrum *** British troopship attacked by the Turks; 100 men lost.

GENERAL: Floyd A. MacFarland, a noted bicycle rider, killed in a fight with a confectionery man in the East *** Reports at Washington to the effect that General Angeles will be the next president of Mexico *** Invention of new gun by Commander Cleland Davis, it is said, will revolutionize the United States coast defense *** Conflicting reports as to which side won the battle of Celaya in Mexico *** Villa abandons siege at Matamoros for the time being.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Editor of a military publication declares this coast is left defenseless and could readily be occupied by hostiles *** An active campaign for the adoption of the two-platoon system for the fire department was begun *** The dispute over water rentals in Imperial Valley settled.

Monday, April 19

WAR NEWS: The British report the loss of a submarine on the Dardanelles, which went ashore and was captured by the Turks *** Italy and Austria fail to come to an agreement on territorial concessions.

GENERAL: Mayor Roberts and fifteen other Terre Haute ballot fixers start for Leavenworth prison *** The administration has advised China not to grant any demand of Japan that will interfere with the open door policy *** Salvage operations to raise the F-4 are continued in Honolulu *** General Huerta announces he is going back to Mexico and hopes that he will be firm for the flag in case of trouble *** At the rate hearing in Chicago was made known the fact that the railroads already make sufficient profit from the transportation of grain *** It is doubtful whether the United States battleships will be able to go through the canal in July *** Dye plants of all kinds are increasing in the United States according to statements from Washington *** United States army aeroplane fired on by Carranzistas on the Mexican border *** Two Mexican outlaws, the Leon brothers, killed near Douglas.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Judge Monroe held a Nevada divorce decree invalid; thus raising the question: How many bigamists are there in Los Angeles? Annulment would be the only solution *** Victims of the Hanalei wreck are to get four-tenths of a cent on the dollar damages, meaning about \$60 for one widow's husband *** Head of Federal reserve board said Los Angeles business is the stillest in the country *** The city engineer, who was also manager of Inglewood, resigned on request.

Creatore's Band Coming to Morosco

Four fourteen performances, one each afternoon and evening, Creatore and his band will play at the Morosco Theater, beginning with Sunday evening of May 9. This is one of the most remarkable organizations before the musical world today. The Boston Transcript says: "No conductor who has yet appeared in Symphony Hall has ever secured such sounds of thunder, such amazing variations of rhythm, as has Creatore. He has set Boston music-mad, as it is stated he did in New York. It would be hard to imagine a band playing the 'William Tell' and 'Tannhauser' overtures in a more inspiring fashion. In these and the operatic excerpts, Creatore and his band are in their element and fairly lift one off his feet. He certainly does wonders."

WAR NEWS: French reported to be on German territory in the Vosges *** Turks building defenses to keep out landing parties *** Capture by the French of hill No. 66 in Belgium.

GENERAL: Jury impaneled in the Barnes case in Syracuse, N. Y. *** Striking carpenters in Chicago agree to arbitrate their difference *** Dealings in securities and in-

vestments reach the highest total since 1911 *** Government buys and will open the Tioga road into Yosemite and the north *** Review of the American fleet will be held in New York May 17 *** Wilson addresses the D. A. R. *** Decision of the supreme court against Leo M. Frank *** Japanese warships ordered back to China waters as result of the Turtle bay exposures *** Villa defeated at Celaya; official report *** Villa movement on the west coast seems to be collapsing.

OF LOCAL INTEREST: Five jurors selected to try Chief Sebastian *** Members of exclusive American Association of Passenger Traffic Officers arrive for a five days' stay in the Southland *** South Park avenue property owners asked that the city quit railroading there and grant a franchise to the street car company *** Two Sebastian men's heads fall by order of acting chief who shook up the secret service force *** A miniature "trust-busting" case, involving handling of baggage the Pacific Electric carries, was scheduled for hearing today.

Wednesday, April 21

WAR NEWS: America asserts its policy of the open door in China *** England makes known her disapproval of Japanese aggression in the Far East *** Bulgarian troops again cross the border into Servia *** War and peace rumors animate Rome.

GENERAL: Receivers of the Rock Island say much money will be spent in upbuilding the system *** Violence again breaks out in the Chicago strike *** Col. Roosevelt is on the stand in the Barnes libel case *** President Wilson declares in an address before the Associated Press that all Americans will be firm for the flag in case of trouble *** At the rate hearing in Chicago was made known the fact that the railroads already make sufficient profit from the transportation of grain *** It is doubtful whether the United States battleships will be able to go through the canal in July *** Dye plants of all kinds are increasing in the United States according to statements from Washington *** United States army aeroplane fired on by Carranzistas on the Mexican border *** Two Mexican outlaws, the Leon brothers, killed near Douglas.

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PUBLIC LAND SALE
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
Non-Coal. 021326

April 3, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Sec. 2455, R. S., pursuant to the application of Mabel Grace Kelch, Serial No. 021326, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, but at not less than \$2.50 per acre, at 10:00 o'clock A. M., on the 13th day of May, 1915, next, at this office, the following tract of land: SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 17, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. M.

The sale will not be kept open, but will be declared closed when those present at the hour named have ceased bidding. The person making the highest bid will be required to immediately pay to the Receiver the amount thereof.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

ALEX MITCHELL, Receiver.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Non-Coal 011775
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
March 19, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Christ Brandt, of Calabasas, California, who, on November 19, 1910, made homestead entry, No. 011775, for N 1/2, NW 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 25, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 9:00 a. m., on the 28th day of April, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Benjamin F. Failor, Samuel W. Failor, both of Owensmouth, Calif.
George C. Tucker, Charles E. Carroll, both of Calabasas, Calif.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

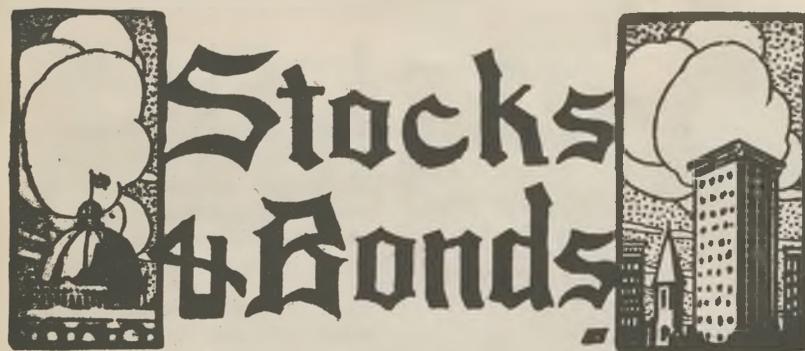
NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Estate of Mary McKamy Wyatt, sometimes called Mary M. Wyatt, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, M. Lauretta Chase, Administratrix of the Estate of Mary McKamy Wyatt, sometimes called Mary M. Wyatt, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Ralph A. Chase, 403 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California, hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 8th day of April A. D., 1915.

M. LAURETTA CHASE,
Administratrix.

By RALPH A. CHASE, her attorney.
Date of first publication April 10, 1915.

WANTED BY GRADUATE NURSE
Patient in her home on orange ranch; sleeping porch, conveniences. Address, Monrovia, Route 1, Box 70 A.



THIS week's market has been of a rather mixed character. Several of the important high-priced issues have shown strength, while the "cheap" stocks have been weak in spots. A remarkable advance has been scored by Tom Reed mining stock, an unlisted issue, which is dealt in considerably at times on the exchange. Last Saturday this security stood at \$3.08½, while at this writing it is up to \$3.39. Reason for the strength in this stock is a recent improvement in ore conditions on the property of the company, whose holdings are in the Tom Reed-Gold Roads district. This mining section has only lately come into the limelight.

Union Oil and Amalgamated are both stronger. The former has sold as high as \$52.50, while the latter is \$60 bid at this writing compared with \$56.75 at the end of last week. Associated Oil, on the other hand, is softer by more than two points in the bid price. The stronger tone in Amalgamated is due partly to the bringing in of a new well, of considerable proportions on one of the company's Fullerton holdings.

Dividends have been paid this week by the Amalgamated Oil, Fullerton Producers Transportation and Olinda Land companies. The quarterly dividend of the Columbia is due Monday.

Among the low-priced issues Consolidated Mines has weakened a little, and National Pacific is a shade off. United sold as low as 21 cents, but later braced up a bit. Jade Oil has been dealt in at 4 cents.

Los Angeles Investment continues to sell at 45 cents. A deal in ten shares of Home Savings Bank stock at \$135 was made early in the week. Bonds have been quiet.

It has leaked out that an effort was made at the recent meeting of the stockholders of the Union Oil company to secure representation for a minority interest on the directorate. This movement was headed by two Pasadena capitalists, F. DeWitt and L. M. Blankenhorn. They came to the meeting with about \$2,000,000 par value stock, but unfortunately, part of this was Union Provident and United Petroleum.

Banks and Banking

President David R. Forgan of the Chicago Clearing-house has appointed a committee to evolve a plan for the clearing of country bank checks in order to meet the competition incident to the proposal of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago to clear checks on intradistrict banks at par. In the event that the plan of the federal bank does not meet with sufficient endorsement to render its adoption feasible the present method of clearing checks used by the Chicago Clearing-house will remain in force.

Including the \$7,000,000 engaged at Ottawa, \$49,000,000 gold has been engaged abroad for shipment to New York since the year began. By countries the sources of the gold imports have been: Canada, \$37,300,000; China, \$3,700,000; Japan, \$5,625,000; London, \$1,000,000; South America, \$1,000,000; Denmark, \$300,000.

Harriman National Bank of Alaska at Seward, Alaska, opened its doors for business April 21. This is of par-

ticular interest in connection with the announcement that the railroad to be built by the government will have its terminus at Seward.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Wall street may, without exaggeration, be regarded as having declared its independence of the war. Further increase in underlying strength, of general activity and of the participation by the public in the market for securities have been the week's outstanding features. Million-share days have been of almost daily occurrence. Transactions, which at the beginning of the current cycle of improvement were confined in great measure to specialties, are now being spread almost indiscriminately throughout the list of usually active securities. Commission houses again are making money. Most of them have re-employed their old clerks. The, until recently, unusual sight is now to be seen late at night of brokers' offices all lighted up in order that the clerical part of handling the sudden increase in business may be properly completed in time for the next day's business. Regardless of the market manipulation, the impression is gaining force that business and financial affairs have reached a definite turn, marking the end of a long-drawn-out interval of depression. Whether the stock market has stimulated this or not, there is no question that sentiment is more optimistically inclined than for years past. The war, of course, complicates the future, and no one can speak with definite assurance of the effects of the readjustment which must come with peace, but the fact remains that business is improving.

Pittsburgh reports that the European war has brought that city and vicinity contracts for war implements amounting to \$100,000,000. Westinghouse Air Brake and Westinghouse Electric each has contracts valued at \$20,00,000 from the Allies for war munitions, and Westinghouse Machine Company is forging daily 3500 shells for shrapnel.

Music and Musicians

(Continued from Page 7.)

Frances L. Flint, recently returned from European study, who gave a good account of her instruction in three numbers. Though announced, the Orpheus Club and Mr. Dupuy, as soloist, did not appear, through a misunderstanding.

Repetition of the "Athalia" by the Los Angeles Oratorio Society was even more successful than its first performance. This oratorio again drew a fair-sized audience at Trinity Auditorium Sunday afternoon. Director Brueschweiler conducted his chorus with precision and emphasized the progress it has made under his baton. The soloists were the same as in the former presentation of the work, save the substitution of Miss Wolf for Mrs. Jess.

Following a brilliantly successful series of Los Angeles recital and concert engagements, Molly Byerly Wilson, popular dramatic contralto, leaves tomorrow afternoon to fill twelve concert dates in the Middle West, closing the tour in Chicago. Northern dates



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are also waiting, including Winnipeg and other Canadian towns. At a later date, Miss Wilson's home town of Salina, Kansas, will hear her in recital, when she will also appear in nearby points, including the world-famed festival town of Lindsborg.

At the recital given by Martha Baird at the Gamut Club auditorium, last week, this talented young pianist proved the thoroughness of her instruction under Morton F. Mason, her own careful perseverance and, besides this, the power of inherited talent, for her mother for years was known as a successful music teacher.

Next Friday evening the second of the series of popular concerts by the local symphony orchestra will be given at Trinity. The soloist will be Ernest Douglas, director of the music at St. Paul's pro-cathedral. He will play the organ part of a suite for organ and orchestra, written by himself. This will be the first performance of the work. Another soloist is Jay Plowe, one of the flutists of the orchestra, playing the Chaminade concerto for his instrument, the orchestration to which has been written by Director Tandler. The heaviest of the orchestral numbers to be offered at this time is the Second Rhapsody, of Liszt. The other numbers are light and popular. So the main interest in the program lies in the Douglas number, as organ in combination with orchestra is always attractive. The large audience at the last of these concerts proves that the symphony management is on the right track in meeting the popular wish.

Recently, there has been formed a string quartet by Heloise Coutelenc, first violin, Katherine Fiske, second violin, August Kolster, viola, and Clarence Stevens, violoncello. These capable musicians are preparing for general concerts, and this week were heard before the Woman's Club of Hollywood.

Last week, Margaret E. White, pupil of W. F. Skeele, gave a graduating piano program at the chapel of the University of Southern California. She played a taxing program in a style highly complimentary to the instruction of her teacher. She had the vocal assistance of Virgie L. Moore contralto in several interesting songs.

By the omission of a paragraph in the report of the Ellis Club concert in last week issue, E. S. Shank was

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deprived of credit which should have been his for the manner in which he sang the incidental solo of the Wagner number, closing the program. Mr. Shank, though not engaged in music as a profession, is well known as having one of the most pleasing bass voices in the city and sings with discretion and skill.

Karl Busch of Kansas City, the former instructor of May MacDonald Hope, the local pianist, has just sent the local committee of the federation meeting the score of his "Minnehaha's Vision" for rehearsal by the symphony orchestra for performance at the convention. Of course, the themes of this work are Indian and it will be interesting to compare it with the Cadman and Troyer Indian works. Mr. Busch will conduct.

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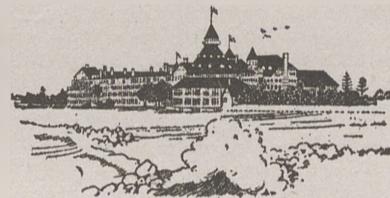
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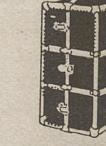
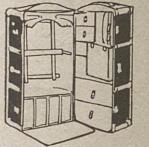
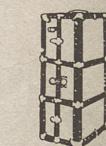
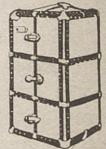
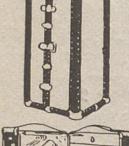
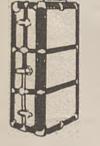
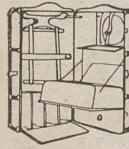
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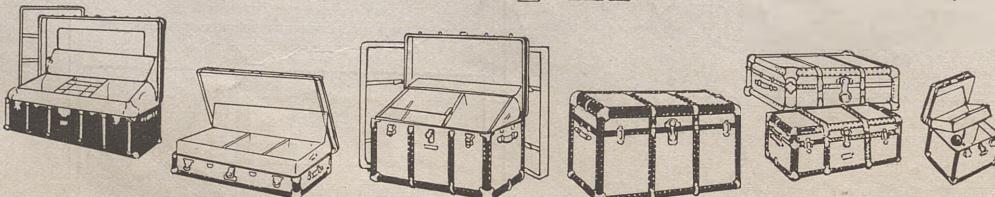
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